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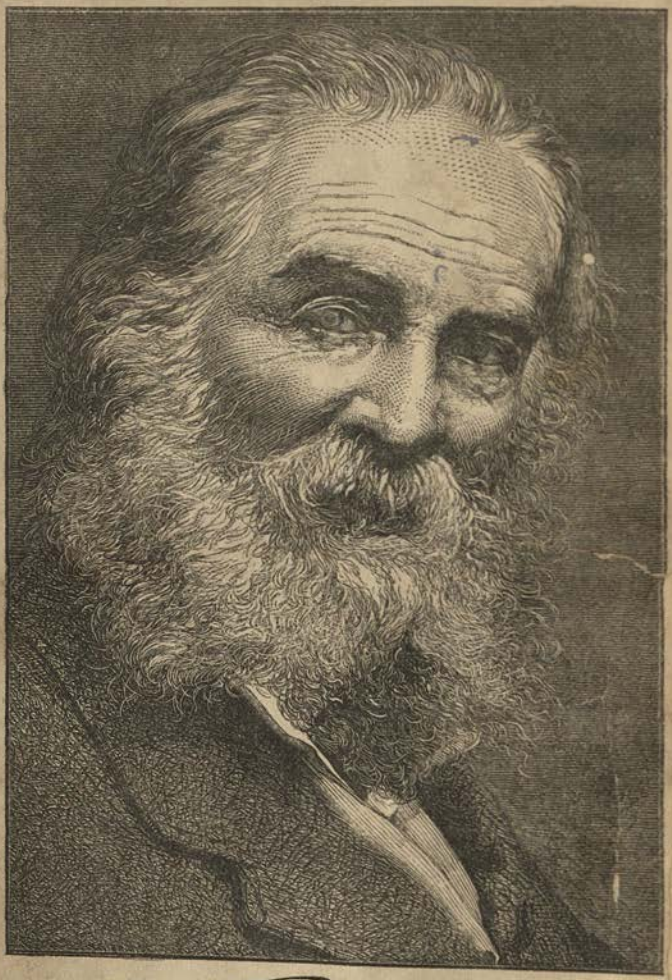
POETRY OF AMERICA.

1776—1876.



Walt Whitman

POETRY OF AMERICA

SELECTIONS FROM ONE HUNDRED AMERICAN POETS
FROM 1776 TO 1876.

61272

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY REVIEW OF COLONIAL POETRY,

AND SOME SPECIMENS OF NEGRO MELODY.

By W. J. LINTON.

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PREFACE.

THE earlies
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volume by Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold. In 1849 Dr. Griswold's work was by him extended and divided into two volumes, the *Female Poets* being placed by themselves; and additions from time to time were made by him, in several editions, down to the edition of 1855, the last by him. In 1872 Mr. R. H. Stoddard supplemented with new names to that date.

Griswold's are the only collections of any here enumerated. The *Columbian* of which appear again in those valueless. Kettell's ich & Co: ich evident aries c adelphia five hundre all of whic s 160 name Ir. Stoddar 94 more, f more tha itions of th able researc thors then y obligatic o Mr. Sto literature my especi

thanks are due for a most friendly revision of my lists of poets and poems, for some corrections of dates, and for other valuable information helping toward the perfecting of my work.

I claim precedence for it as the first fair and comprehensive sample of American Poetry given to the old country. The *American Poems* of my friend Mr. W. M. Rossetti may not claim to be this, as he omits Longfellow and all humorous verse, and as, not having had before him the last edition of Griswold (prepared by Mr. Stoddard in '72 but published only in the Fall of last year), he was apparently unacquainted with much of the best poetry of the last twenty years. Or, if on this ground of completeness my work may not take the place which his would seem to assume, I may yet make good my venture as not uncalled for, even though but supplementary. Omitting as less worthy, after careful comparison of their works, 25 of Mr. Rossetti's *poets*, I give 61 not given by him; while of his 255 *poems* my choice has taken only 21: a difference not altogether to be accounted for by difference of taste or opinion, but, I think, owing partly to the wider field for selection of which I have been fortunate enough to have the range. From Griswold's own collections, containing nearly two thousand poems, I take 57; to Mr. Stoddard's supplements I am indebted for about as many more. The rest of my 256 *poems*, *representing* 100 *poets* (not including those quoted in the Review of Colonial Poetry), rewarded a further search among completer works and more recent editions. Half of my book is not to be found in any existing collection of specimens.

Of course even now I must have left out some worthy names and very many excellent works: yet of all known to me I have been careful to choose the best and the most characteristic; and in making my choice have endeavoured to be as catholic as possible, to give to no one of my own favourites an undue proportion of space, but as far as possible to provide fair opportunity for the reader's judgment of all those writers who have already gained the plausive verdict of popularity, and to add other names only of those whose admission to my pages has been approved by critics not committed to my partialities. Hymns and "religious" poems, and any fragments of poems too long to be given entire, have been purposely excluded as out of place in such a collection as this. With these exceptions, I have been careful to assemble as many varieties as possible of thought and expression—humorous as well as serious—anti-English as well as pro-English—Southern as well as Northern;—adding some few subjects, such as the *Star-spangled Banner*, for the sake of time-honoured associations; some, as Whitman's *Dresser*, because indicative of the character and experience of the writer. And here it may be well to note that of a hundred poets, chosen with no reference whatever to place of birth or opinions, but one-tenth can be fairly classed as Southerners; a very few belong by birth or residence to the West; the remainder are of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and the New England States. There was no withstanding this majority: nevertheless I have done my best to make my book truly representative of American feeling as uttered in verse, a fair and full presentment of

the quality of American Song, both emotional and artistic. If I have failed, it has not been from want of diligence and conscientious effort, nor through being heedless of the impartiality which should rule a critical collector.

In some dates and names and other matters of fact in which I differ from Mr. Rossetti, I have only noted the difference after careful inquiry, personal as well as in biographies and obituaries, which justifies me, though I may be wrong sometimes, in asserting my general correctness. I may particularly refer to Poe. Mr. Stoddard is clear that Poe was born in 1809, not in 1811 as usually stated; and not at Baltimore, but very probably in New York.

Of biographical notice, beyond place and date of birth, and death, the little that can be given within the limits of a work like this must be so unsatisfactory, vague and often incorrect, that I have deemed it best not even to attempt it. I also refrain from criticism, as I refrain from leading toward a judgment. To print the whole score of Poe's poetical amusements (so considered by himself) would not advance him nearer to those higher heavens where only the Dii Majores can securely sit; and I prefer giving the challenge of works that can be compared, to offering any argument on the claims of Lowell to his throne among the best, the best not only of his contemporaries in America, but of those in England too. My scheme indeed admits only some shorter poems: but Hercules may be known by his foot-prints.

This only, and out of no captious spirit, in remonstrance against what seems to me an unjust leading,

suited rather to the partisan than the critic. For the rest my work may speak for itself. I might easily have enlarged it with further quotations, but my object has been to give a *fair and sufficiently various sample*, and no more.

W. J. LINTON.

NEW HAVEN, CONN: U.S.A.
1877.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

IEW OF COLONIAL POETRY xxiii

IP FRENEAU.
The Wild Honeysuckle 1
The Indian Burying Ground 2

PH HOPKINSON.
Hail, Columbia! 3

ERT TREAT PAINE.
Adams and Liberty 5

ANCIS SCOTT KEY.
The Star-spangled Banner 7

SHINGTON ALLSTON.
America to Great Britain 8

MES KIRKE PAULDING.
The Old Man's Carousal 10

ILLIAM MAXWELL.
To a Fair Lady 11

OHN PIERPONT.
Plymouth Dedication Hymn 11
My Child 12
Centennial Ode 14

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.
The Bucket 15

RICHARD HENRY DANA.
The Little Beach Bird 16
The Moss Supplicateth for the Poet 17

PAGE

LYDIA HOWARD HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.
Indian Names 20

CHARLES SPRAGUE.
The Winged Worshippers 21

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.
The Crossed Swords ... ...

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.
The American Flag ... ...

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
To a Water-fowl ... ...
Hymn to the North Star ... ...
The Death of the Flowers ... ...
The Evening Wind ... ...
To the Fringed Gentian ... ...
Hymn of the City ... ...
The Crowded Street ... ...
The Waning Moon ... ...
The Third of November, 1861 ... ...
Waiting by the Gate ... ...

JAMES FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.
Marco Bozzaris ... ...

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.
It is Great for Our Country to Die .. ..
The Coral Grove ... ...

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS.
Song (Day, in melting purple dying) ... .

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD.
The Tree Toad .. ..
The Nosegay .. ..
Epithalamium ... ...
Stanzas (The dead leaves) ... ...

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.
A Health ... ...

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.
Old Grimes 47

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
The Poet 48
To the Humble Bee 50

PAGE

Boston Hymn 52
Song of Nature 55
Brahma 57
Friendship 58
To Eva 58

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.
The Bob-o'-Linkum 59
The Origin of Mint Juleps 60
To a Lady blushing 61

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.
The Lost Pleiad 61
The Prayer of the Lyre 63

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
The Light of Stars 67
The Rainy Day 68
The Quadroon Girl 69
Paul Revere's Ride 70
The Arrow and the Song 74
Serenade 74
Children 75
Catawba Wine 76
The Cumberland 78
Snow-flakes 80

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.
Give me the Old! 80

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.
The Indian Summer 82

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.
The Annoyer 83
Two Women 84
Saturday Afternoon 85

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
Skipper Ireson's Ride 86
Barclay of Ury 89
The Mayflowers 93
Burial of Barbour 94
Song of the Negro Boatmen 96
Barbara Frietchie 97
Ichabod 99

PAGE

Telling the Bees 100
The River Path 102
In School-Days 104

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.
August 105

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
Dorothy Q. 107
The Deacon's Masterpiece 109
The Two Streams ... ...
Midsummer ... ...
The Chambered Nautilus ... ...

ALBERT PIKE.
To Ceres ... ...
To Spring ... ...

EDGAR ALLAN POE.
The Raven ... ...
The Bells ... ...
Annabel Lee ... ...
To Helen ... ...

SARAH MARGARET FULLER (OSSOLI).
The Temple of Life ... ...

RALPH HOYT.
Old ... ...

ALFRED BILLINGS STREET.
Indian Summer 1
Spearing 1

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.
Written at Sorrento 13
The Hours 14

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.
To an Elm 141

LUCY HOOPER.
Death and Life 143

EPES SARGENT.
Summer in the Heart 145
O ye Keen Breezes! 146

PAGE

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.
A Snow-Storm in Vermont 147
The Farmer 149
Dirge 150

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.
The Blind Men and the Elephant 150
I'm Growing Old 152
Kiss Me Softly! 153

ROBERT TRAIL SPENCE LOWELL.
The Relief of Lucknow 154
Love disposed of 156

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.
Inspiration 157
Upon the Beach 158

...IAM ELLERY CHANNING.
The Flight of the Wild Geese 159
To my Companions 161

...UR CLEVELAND COXE.
The Old Abbeys 162

...AS HILL.
The Bobolink 163

...ES RUSSELL LOWELL.
Rhœcus 165
The Fountain 169
The Falcon 170
Hunger and Cold... 171
Hebe 173
To the Dandelion 174
What Mr. Robinson thinks 175
The Courtin' 177
Yussouf 180
She Came and Went 181
The First Snow-fall 182

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.
The Morning-Glory 183
An Opium-Fantasy 185

PAGE

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.
On a Bust of Dante 186
Saint Peray 188
Dirge 190
Swallows 191

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.
The Gods of Old 191
El Amin—the Faithful 195

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.
Praxiteles and Phryne 197
The Violet 198

WALT WHITMAN.
With Antecedents 199
Longings for Home ... ... 20[illegible]
Pioneers! O Pioneers! ... ...
Quicksand Years ... ...
The Dresser ... ...
Spirit whose work is done ... ...
The City Dead-house ... ...
The Mystic Trumpeter ... ...

JULIA WARD HOWE.
Battle Hymn of the Republic ... ...

HERMAN MELVILLE.
Sheridan at Cedar Creek ... ...
Shiloh ... ...

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.
The Colour-Bearer ... ...
The Burial of the Dane ... ...
Qu'il Mourût! ... ...

ALICE CARY.
The Little House on the Hill ... ...
Faded Leaves ... ...

PHŒBE CARY.
Song (Laugh out, O Stream!) ... ... 2[illegible]
Alas! ... ... 2[illegible]
Pickled Beets ... ... 2[illegible]

RICHARD COE.
Emblems ... ... 22[illegible]

PAGE

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.
Gulf-Weed 228

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.
The Windy Night 229
The Deserted Farm 230
Autumn's Sighing 231

GEORGE H. BOKER.
The Black Regiment 232
A Ballad of Sir John Franklin 234

AUGUSTINE JOSEPH HICKEY DUGANNE.
The Poet and the People 239
Love's Eyes 240

...LES GODFREY LELAND.
Breitmann and the Turners 240
Ballad (Ritter Hugo) 242

WILLIAM CURTIS.
Song (Rushes lean over the Water) 244
Pearl-Seed 244
Ebb and Flow 245
Major and Minor 245

...NE D. TRAIN WHITNEY.
Behind the Mask 246

...ARD HENRY STODDARD.
Abraham Lincoln 247
Brahma's Answer 253
A Catch 254
The Dying Lover 255
Under the Rose 255

...ZABETH DREW BARSTOW STODDARD.
A Summer Night 256
Mercedes 256
On the Campagna 257

...AYARD TAYLOR.
The Birth of the Prophet 258
The Wisdom of Ali 260
The Arab to the Palm 261
Bedouin Song 263
Wind and Sea 264

PAGE

JULIA C. R. DORR.
What She Thought 265
Outgrown 266

LUCY LARCOM.
A Loyal Woman's No 268
Hannah binding Shoes 270
The Curtain of the Dark 272
Sleep-Song 272

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.
Evening at the Farm 273
Midwinter 275

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.
The Old Continentals 276

HENRY TIMROD.
Charleston ... ...
The Unknown Dead ... ...

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.
May ... ...

PAUL H. HAYNE.
The Golden Age ... ...
The Why of a Blush ... ...

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.
How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry ... ...
Pan in Wall Street ... ...
Toujours Amour ... ...
The Doorstep ... ...

HELEN FISKE JACKSON ("H. H.").
Coronation ... ...
Spinning ... ...
Tryst ... ...

GEORGE ARNOLD.
The Jolly Old Pedagogue ... ...
The Matron Year ... ...
A Sensible Serenade 3

JOHN JAMES PIATT.
Riding to Vote 3
The Old Man and the Spring Leaves 3
The First Tryst 3

PAGE

THEODORE TILTON.
No and Yes 305
Sir Marmaduke's Musings 306

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.
Magdalen 307
The Night Sea 308
A Sigh 309

CELIA LEIGHTON THAXTER.
The Minute Guns 309
Medrake and Osprey 310
Song (We sail tow'rd evening's lonely star) 311

JOHN AYLMERE DORGAN.
[illegible]e Kiss 312
Farewell 312

BAILEY ALDRICH.
When the Sultan goes to Ispahan 313
Palabras Cariñosas 314
Tiger Lilies 315

WINTER.
Lethe 316
Love's Question 318
Love's Queen 319
The Last Scene 320
Rue 320
After All 321
A Relic 322

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.
The Old Sergeant 323
The Last Watch 328
The Estray 329
Autumn Song 330

[illegible]IAM DEAN HOWELLS.
Before the Gate 330
The Poet's Friends 331

[illegible]NCIS BRET HARTE.
The Heathen Chinee 331
"Jim" 333
Grizzly 335

PAGE

JOHN HAY.
Jim Bludso ... 336
Little Breeches ... 338
A Woman's Love ... 339

CINCINNATUS HINER "JOAQUIN" MILLER.
Kit Carson's Ride ... 340

JAMES R. RANDALL.
Maryland ... 345

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.
Driving Home the Cows ... 347
By the Apple-tree ... 349

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.
The Sparrow at Sea ...

ROSE TERRY COOKE.
Semele ...
"Che sara sara" ...
After the Comanchés ...

NORA PERRY.
In June ...
Out of the Window ...

ROBERT KELLY WEEKS.
Ad Finem ...
A Pause ...

WILL CARLETON.
Betsy and I are out ...
How Betsy and I made up ...

F. F. VICTOR.
Nevada ...

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.
Sleeping ...
A Poet's Apology ...

NOTES ...
INDEX OF AUTHORS ... 5
NEGRO SONG ... 6

REVIEW OF COLONIAL POETRY.

THE Poetry of the New-England Colonists is scarcely worthy of preservation except for the satisfaction of an historical curiosity. Though most industrious Kettell indeed tells us that "the early settlers were no less distinguished for their attachment to letters than for their religious character," yet his own collection contradicts him. With the exception of Philip Freneau, his volumes do not contain the name of a single writer of poetic merit born earlier than 1770. Of course there was verse-writing. Even the dullest period of the Georgian era permitted that. But the young Colonial Muse was mostly addicted to religious contemplation, and employed its nascent abilities in twisting versions of the Psalms and in the manufacture of occasional epitaphs and anagrams. At these last every person of education tried his or her hand; and all seem to have been about equally successful, differing in quantity, not much in quality. During the war for independence there was a change of humour, producing a mass of political poesy, sufficiently pungent, mixed with some smart personal, not very poetical satire. Trumbull's *M'Fingal*, a long burlesque poem of patriotic intention, strikes the keynote of such productions; and Joel Barlow's ponderous *Columbiad* is the concluding orchestral crash. But even the war produced no Tyrtæus; and the change from polemical to political added little to the poetical character of the current "poetry." Griswold sums up his

account of "our ante-revolutionary period" in these words:—"Very little verse worthy of preservation was produced in America. The Poetry of the Colonies was without originality, energy, feeling, or correctness of diction." Some specimens however, culled from Kettell and from Griswold's *Curiosities of American Literature*, may be interesting even as curiosities.

First growth on American soil was the Rev. William Morrell's Description of New England, in Latin Hexameters, in 1623, "hardly three years from the arrival of the Pilgrims." This was published in England, with a Translation; and has been reprinted in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. First English verse produced here was probably that of Mr. George San[illegible] who while Treasurer for the Colony of Virginia, [illegible] 1625, completed his Translation of Ovid's *Metamor*[illegible] and is thought to have written all or part of his *Par*[illegible] *on the Psalms* and *Songs selected out of the Old a*[illegible] *Testaments*, praised by both Pope and Dryden. [illegible] original colonial composition in rhyme is a poem [illegible] to have been written about 1630, the author's na[illegible] known. It is headed—

NEW ENGLAND'S ANNOYANCES.

New England's annoyances, you that would know them
Pray ponder these verses which briefly do show them.

The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful and good;
Our mountains and hills and our valleys below
Being commonly cover'd with ice and with snow:
And when the north-west wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose:
But, if any's so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

But, when the spring opens, we then take the hoe,
And make the ground ready to plant and to sow.
Our corn being planted and seed being sown,
The worms destroy much before it is grown;
And when it is growing some spoil there is made
By birds and by squirrels that pluck up the blade;
And, when it is come to full corn in the ear,
It is often destroy'd by racoon and by deer.

And now do our garments begin to grow thin,
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin.
If we get a garment to cover without,
Our other in-garments are clout upon clout.
Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn;
They need to be clouted soon after they're worn;
But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,—
Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

If fresh meat be wanting, to fill up our dish
We have carrots and pumpkins and turnips and fish:
And, is there a mind for a delicate dish,
We repair to the clam-banks, and there we catch fish.
'Stead of pottage and puddings and custards and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies:
We have pumpkins at morning and pumpkins at noon;
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.
If barley be wanting to make into malt,
We must be contented and think it no fault;
For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips
Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips.

* * * * * *

Now while some are going let others be coming,
For while liquor's boiling it must have a scumming;
But I will not blame them, for birds of a feather
By seeking their fellows are flocking together.
But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring,
Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting;
But bring both a quiet and contented mind,
And all needful blessings you surely will find.

We come next to the *Bay Psalm Book*—"the Psalms in Metre, faithfully translated for the Use, Edification and Comfort of the Saints, in Public and Private, especially in New Englande," printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1640. This was the first *book* printed in English America. Not the first printing: an *Almanack* and *The Freeman's Oath* had gone through the press in the year before. The *Bay Psalm Book* was the work of Thomas Welde of Roxbury, Richard Mather of Dorchester, and John Eliot—"the Apostle of the Indians." "If"—say the translators in their preface—"the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire and expect, let them con-

sider that God's altar needs not our polishings; for we have respected rather a plain translation than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, and so have attended to conscience rather than elegance, and fidelity rather than poetry, in translating Hebrew words into English language, and David's poetry into English metre." A few lines from the first Psalm may be sufficient to prove the correctness of the translators' judgment of their own performance.

O blessed man, that in th' advice
of wicked doeth not walk:
nor stand in sinner's way, nor sit
in chayre of scornful folk.
But in the law of Iehovah
is his longing delight:
and in his law doth meditate,
by day and eke by night.
And he shall be like to a tree
planted by water-rivers:
that in his season yields his fruit,
and his leaf never withers.

After two editions had been printed, it was deemed necessary to improve the diction, and the revision was undertaken by the Rev. Henry Dunster, President of Harvard College, and Mr. Richard Lyon, "with a special eye both to the gravity of the phrase of Sacred Writ, and sweetness of the verse." They also added versifications of other portions of Scripture, under the title of *Spiritual Songs of the Old and New Testament*. This improved version had at the date of Kettell's writing (1829) gone through more than thirty editions in America, besides frequent reprints in England and Scotland. A sample of the improvement may be worth giving, taking again the first Psalm for comparison.

Corrected by Dunster and Lyon.

O blessed man that walks not in
th' advice of wicked men
Nor standeth in the sinners way
nor scorners seat sits in.
But he upon Jehovah's law
doth set his whole delight:

And in his law doth meditate
both in the day and night.
He shall be like a planted tree
by water-brooks; which shall
In his due season yield his fruit,
whose leaf shall never fall.

Such was the character of early New England verse; but as yet, with but our one exception given above, we have nothing original. To Mrs. Anne Bradstreet belongs the honour of the first volume of original poetry published in the new country. She was the wife of Simon Bradstreet, Governor of Massachusetts, at the age of sixteen married to him, and came with him the year after, in 1630, to America, where she died in 1672. One of the poems in her volume bears the date of 1632, *ætatis suæ* 19. Cotton Mather, himself a hard striver toward Parnassus, declares that "her poems divers times printed have afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles;" and the "learned and excellent" John Norton of Ipswich calls her "the mirror of her age and glory of her sex," honouring her, after the fashion of the time, with this punning epitaph:—

Her breast was a brave pallace, a *broad street*,
Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet,
Where Nature such a tenement had tane
That other souls to hers dwelt in a lane.

A few of the opening stanzas of one of her poems entitled *Contemplation* will show her style, and poetic ability at least superior to that of her panegyrists.

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,
When Phœbus wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Were gilded o'er by his rich golden head.
Their leaves and fruits seem'd painted, but was true,
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew;
Wrapt were my senses at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,
If so much excellence abide below;
How excellent is He that dwells on high!
Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
Sure he is goodness, wisdome, glory, light,
That hath this under world so richly dight:
More heaven than earth was here no winter and no night.

Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,
Whose ruffling top the clouds seem'd to aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine infancy?
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire.
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?
Or thousand since thou brak'st thy shell of horn?
If so, all these as nought eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glistering sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams were shaded by the leavie tree;
The more I look'd the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this Universe's eye,
No wonder some made thee a deity;
Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

But though MRS. BRADSTREET is indeed the first writer of original poetry in America, the first native American who achieved poetic celebrity was BENJAMIN TOMPSON (Thompson or Thomson) born at Braintree, "within the limits of the present town of Quincy,"* in Massachusetts, in 1640, described on his tombstone at Roxbury (Boston) as "learned schoolmaster and physician and ye renowned poet of New England." He wrote, during the war of the Colonists against Philip—the Sachem of the Pequods, in 1675 and '76, a mighty epic intituled *New England's Crisis*, the Prologue of which we give entire, to whet or to content the appetite of the curious. The epic begins with a lament for the increase of luxury among the people.

The times wherein old Pompion was a saint,
When men fared hardly, yet without complaint,
On vilest cates; the dainty Indian maize
Was eat with clamp-shells out of wooden trayes,

---

* So Kettell. Griswold says—"born in the town of Dorchester (now Quincy)." But Kettell is right. Dorchester is now incorporated with Boston. Braintree, on the other side of Quincy, still maintains its independency; but a portion of it was some years ago annexed to Quincy,—Quincy itself (I am informed) originally made out of a part of Braintree. It was probably in one of those Quincy parts that Tompson was born. Surely it is worth while to be as correct as is possible as to the birthplace of the American Homer. His epitaph, on his tombstone at Roxbury, another suburb but lately taken into Boston, is as follows:—SUB SPE IMMORTALI YE HERSE OF MR. BENJAMIN THOMSON, LEARNED SCHOOLMASTER AND PHYSICIAN, AND YE RENOWNED POET OF NEW ENGLAND. OBIIT APRILIS 13, ANNO DOMINI 1714, ET ÆTATIS SUÆ 74. MORTUUS SED IMMORTALIS.

Under thatch'd hutts, without the cry of rent,
And the best sawce to every dish, content.
When flesh was food and hairy skins made coats,
And men as well as birds had chirping notes;
When Cimnels were accounted noble blood,
Among the tribes of common herbage food,
Of Ceres' bounty form'd was many a knack,
Enough to fill poor Robin's Almanack.
These golden times (too fortunate to hold)
Were quickly sin'd away for love of gold.
'Twas then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
"Good morrow, brother! is there aught you want?
Take freely of me, what I have you ha'n't."

Plain Tom and Dick would pass as current now,
As ever since "Your Servant, Sir!" and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, puritanick capes,
Which now would render men like upright apes,
Were comelier wear, our wiser fathers thought,
Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought.
'Twas in those dayes an honest grace would hold
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a cold,
And men had better stomachs at religion,
Than I to capon, turkey-cock, or pigeon;
When honest sisters met to pray, not prate,
About their own and not their neighbour's state.
During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud
Of the ancient planters' race before the flood,
Then times were good, merchants cared not a rush
For other fare than Ionakin and Mush.
Although men far'd and lodged very hard,
Yet innocence was better than a guard.
'Twas long before spiders and worms had drawn
Their dingy webs, or hid with cheating lawne
New England's beautyes, which stil seem'd to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
'Twas ere the neighbouring Virgin Land had broke
The hogsheads of her worse than hellish smoak.
'Twas ere the Islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin.
'Twas ere a barge had made so rich a fraight
As chocolate, dust-gold, and bitts of eight.
Ere wines from France, and Moscovadoe too,
Without the which the drink will scarsly doe;
From western isles ere fruits and delicacies
Did rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces.
Or ere these times did chance, the noise of war
Was from our towns and hearts removed far.

No bugbear comets in the chrystal air
Did drive our christian planters to despair.
No sooner pagan malice peeped forth
But valour snib'd it. Then were men of worth,
Who by their prayers slew thousands, angel-like;
Their weapons are unseen with which they strike.
Then had the churches rest; as yet the coales
Were covered up in most contentious souls:
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection.
Then were the times in which our councells sate,
These gave prognosticks of our future fate.
If these be longer liv'd our hopes increase,
These warrs will usher in a longer peace.
But if New England's love die in its youth,
The grave will open next for blessed truth.
This theame is out of date, the peacefull hours
When castles needed not, but pleasant bowers.
Not ink, but bloud and tears now serve the turn
To draw the figure of New England's urne.
New England's hour of passion is at hand;
No power except divine can it withstand.
Scarce hath her glass of fifty years run out,
But her old prosperous steeds turn heads about,
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon their fruits of sinnings.
So that the mirror of the christian world
Lyes burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furl'd.
Grief sighs, joyes flee, and dismal fears surprize
Not dastard spirits only, but the wise.
Thus have the fairest hopes deceiv'd the eye
Of the big-swoln expectant standing by:
Thus the proud ship after a little turn,
Sinks into Neptune's arms to find its urne:
Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
Been in an instant from the mother torn:
Even thus thine infant cheeks begin to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the *Prologue* to thy future woe,
The *Epilogue* no mortal yet can know.

Notable, if only as a poetic vagary, in accord with the grim humour of the period, is the *Day of Doom—a poetical description of the Great and Last Judgment, with a short discourse about Eternity*—by the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, B.A. of Harvard (born 1631, died 1707), a compendious version, in the manner of Sternhold and Hopkins, of all the Scripture texts relative to the final judgment of man, in

224 stanzas of eight lines each, which went through at least seven editions in America, and was also reprinted in England. Room must be spared to give some notion of its peculiar merits. The Poem begins—

Still was the night, serene and bright,
When all men sleeping lay;
Calm was the season, and carnal reason
Thought so 'twould last for aye.
Soul! take thine ease, let sorrow cease,
Much good thou hast in store:
This was their song, their cups among,
The evening before.

During the Day of Doom the souls argue with the Judge, who does not always get much the better of them in the argument. The colloquies are given at some length. Among those to be judged

—— to the bar all they drew near
Who died in infancy,
And never had or good or bad
Effected personally.

They remonstrate, complaining of hard measure, and are finally told that through Adam

You sinners are, and such a share
As sinners may expect
Such you shall have; for I do save
None but my own elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
Who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
Though every sin's a crime.

A crime it is, therefore in bliss
You may not hope to dwell,
But unto you I shall allow
The easiest room in hell.
The glorious King thus answering,
They cease and plead no longer:
Their consciences must needs confess
His reasons are the stronger.

Thus all men's pleas the judge with ease
Doth answer and confute,
Until that all, both great and small,
Are silenced and mute.

Vain hopes are crop'd, all mouths are stop'd,
Sinners have nought to say,
But that 'tis just and equal most
They should be damn'd for aye.

We may pass the Muse of Wolcott, Governor of Connecticut, guilty of fifteen hundred lines in heroic couplets, — *a Brief Account of the Agency of the Honourable John Winthorp Esquire in the Court of King Charles the Second, Anno Dom:* 1662, *when he obtained a Charter for the Colony of Connecticut:* published at New London, Conn:, in 1725. In 1761 we make acquaintance with Nathaniel Evans, of Philadelphia, "cut off" (says Kettell) "at an age when few have sufficiently developed their powers to execute any work of great and permanent excellence. Yet from what he has left behind him, his poetical talent may be estimated highly. His taste was excellent and his imagination vivid. The *Ode on the Prospect of Peace* is decidedly the most finished and elegant production which the literature of our country could exhibit at that date." Beginning

When elemental conflicts rage,
And heaven is wrapp'd in tempests dire,
When storms with storms dread combats wage,
And thunders roll ethereal fire;—
Returning Zephyr's odorous race,
And radiant Sol's all-cheering face,
The trembling mortals most desire.

When Eurus, charged with livid clouds,
Scours o'er old ocean's wild domain,
And Boreas rends the vessel's shrouds,
And o'er her swells the raging main;
If lighter breezes should succeed,
And Iris sweet, of varied hue,
Lift o'er the main her beamy head,
What raptures fill the marine crew!
Thus when Bellona (ruthless maid!)
Her empire through the world has spread,
And death his flag has proud display'd
O'er legions that in battle bled;—
If peace, bedeck'd with olive robe,
(Resplendent nymph, sweet guest of heaven)
Transfuse her balm around the globe,
A theme of joy to man is given.

Then wake, O muse! thy sweetest lays—
Returning peace demands thy praise;
And while the notes in varied cadence sound,
Eye thou the Theban swan that soars o'er heav'nly ground.

The remainder is in the same strain. Our quotation not unfairly represents the tasteful productions of the Evans period, when turgid declamation was supposed to be eloquence, and even critics mistook tumidity for grandeur.

"Mrs. Bleecker's poetry" (our Kettell again) "is not of that high order which would sustain itself under any very bold attempt; but the events of her life (she died in 1783, at the age of 31) "confer a degree of interest upon the few productions which she has left behind her. A female cultivating the elegant arts of refined society at the *ultima Thule* of civilized life, in regions of savage wildness" (the northern part of the State of New York), "and among scenes of alarm, desolation, and bloodshed, is a spectacle too striking not to fix our attention." In regions of savage wildness the lady writes—

Come, my Susan! quit your chamber,
Greet the opening bloom of May;
Let us up yon hillock clamber,
And around the scene survey.

Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College and a man of learning and great ability, wrote the *Conquest of Canaan* in eleven books, and various other poems, satires, and psalms. We refrain from quotation.

John Trumbull, though not more of a poet than Dwight, requires some further notice. His two great works are the *Progress of Dullness*, a satire, in Hudibrastic verse, on the literature and manners of his time, and his better known political Poem, *M'Fingal*, the first part of which was written in 1775, at the request of some members of the American Congress, with a view to affect public opinion in favour of the war then beginning against the mother country. The completed poem was published at Hartford, Conn:, in 1782, had immense popularity and ran through numerous editions. The story is not much. M'Fingal is a Scotchman, a justice of the peace in a town near Boston,

and a loyalist. He attends town meetings, makes loyal speeches, is tarred and feathered, has his house attacked, and at last escapes to Boston. These are all the incidents of a poem of four cantos and some thousands of lines, a poem not without considerable vigour of both thought and expression, but most worth remembering as one of the forces of the struggle for American Independence. The third Canto opens as follows:—

Now warm with ministerial ire,
Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'squire (*M'Fingal*)
And on his striding steps attends
His desperate clan of tory friends.
When sudden met his wrathful eye
A pole ascending through the sky,
Which numerous throngs of whiggish race
Were raising in the market-place.
Not higher school-boys' kites aspire,
Or royal mast, or country spire;
Like spears at Brobdignagian tilting,
Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton.
And on its top, the flag unfurl'd
Waved triumph o'er the gazing world,
Inscribed with inconsistent types
Of *liberty* and *thirteen stripes*.
Beneath, the crowd without delay
The dedication-rites essay,
And gladly pay, in ancient fashion,
The ceremonies of libation;
While briskly to each patriot lip
Walks eager round the inspiring flip:
Delicious draught! whose powers inherit
The quintessence of public spirit;
Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind
To nobler politics refined;
Or roused to martial controversy,
As from transforming cups of Circe:
Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,
That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.
At hand for new supplies in store,
The tavern opes its friendly door,
Whence to and fro the waiters run,
Like bucket-men at fires in town.
Then with three shouts that tore the sky,
'Tis consecrate to liberty.
To guard it from the attacks of tories,
A grand committee cull'd of four is;

Who foremost on the patriot spot,
Had brought the flip, and paid the shot.
By this, M'Fingal with his train
Advanced upon the adjacent plain,
And full with loyalty possess'd,
Pour'd forth the zeal that fired his breast.
"What mad-brain'd rebel gave commission,
To raise this May-pole of sedition?
Like Babel, rear'd by brawling throngs,
With like confusion too of tongues,
To point at heaven, and summon down
The thunders of the British crown?
Say, will this paltry pole secure
Your forfeit heads from Gage's power?
Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
Is this to stand your ark of safety;
Or driven by Scottish laird and laddie,
Think ye to rest beneath its shadow?
When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,
And balls rush hissing through the sky,
Will this vile pole, devote to freedom,
Save like the Jewish pole in Edom;
Or like the brazen snake of Moses,
Cure your crack'd sculls and batter'd noses?"

We are already at the close of the Colonial period, in the thick of the revolutionary war: but some words must be given to Joel Barlow, in his day the Magnus Apollo of American fame. His *Vision of Columbus* was written during the war, though not published until 1787. In 1792 he published his *Conspiracy of Kings;* a little later his *Hasty Pudding*, written at Chambery in Savoy. In 1808 appeared his great work, the *Columbiad*, an epic which embraced "the history and topography as it were of the whole American continent, . . . which treated of Manco Capac and Washington, Mexico and the battle of Bunker Hill; and contained long philosophical speculations upon almost every subject—political, moral, and scientific;"—of which (as Kettell himself cannot fail to perceive) the versification, though elaborated with great care, is neither flowing nor graceful, while the language is "tumid and extravagant, and disfigured with ornaments that denote a vitiated taste." As Kettell well remarks, Barlow was only a poet by dint of study and labour; he wanted "imagina-

tion, fire, and the marks of that inbred faculty of the soul, that refined intellectual feeling which pours out its energies with a fervour that reaches the heart."

"In this connection"—to use an Americanism,—it may not be amiss to serve up a taste of Joel Barlow's *Hasty Pudding*.

Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Through wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore)
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried maize,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour:
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.
Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labours, to the son of song,
To her, to them I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.

* * * * * *

Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polanta call, the French of course *Polante*—
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee Mush!
On Hudson's banks while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawn*.
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth,
Thy name is *Hasty-Pudding!* thus our sires
Were wont to greet thee fuming from their fires;
And while they argued in thy just defence
With logic clear, they thus explained the sense:—
"In *haste* the boiling cauldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize;
In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste*,
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear, and wound the stony plate;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to clip,

By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
Performs the *hasty* honours of the board."
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound to every Yankee dear.

We have here taken notice of Trumbull and Barlow, instead of ranking them with later writers, because their beginnings were in colonial time, and because we find nothing of their writing to fit a place in our Century of Song. Their standing is as Poets of the Revolution. Of other occasional revolutionary verse the following are fair samples:—

THE PATRIOTS' APPEAL.

(Printed in the Pennsylvania Chronicle, at Philadelphia, *on the 4th of July*, 1768; and copied by Griswold from a ballad sheet dated 1775.)

COME join hand and hand, brave Americans all!
Awake through the land at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonour America's name!
In freedom we're born, in freedom we'll live;
Our purses are ready—
Steady, friends, steady!—
Not as slaves, but as freemen, our money we'll give!

Our worthy forefathers (let's give them a cheer!)
To climates unknown did courageously steer;
Through oceans to deserts for freedom they came,
And, dying, bequeath'd us their freedom and fame!
In freedom, etc.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despised,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they prized;
What they gave let us cherish and piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.
In freedom, etc.

The tree their own hands had to liberty rear'd,
They lived to behold growing strong and revered;
With transport they cried, "Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."
In freedom, etc.

How sweet are the labours that freemen endure,
Of which they enjoy all the profits secure!
No longer such toils shall Americans know,
If Britons may reap what Americans sow!
In freedom, etc.

Swarms of *placemen* and pensioners e'en now appear
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year!
Suns vainly will rise and showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others may spend.
In freedom, etc.

Then join hand and hand, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause we may hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves every generous deed.
In freedom, etc.

All ages and nations shall speak with applause
Of the courage we show in support of our cause,
To die we can bear, but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.
In freedom, etc.

A bumper to Freedom! and as for the king,
When he does deserve it his praises we'll sing!
We wish Britain's glory immortal may be,
If she is but just and we are but free!
In freedom we're born, in freedom we'll live,
Our purses are ready—
Steady, boys, steady!—
Our money as freemen, not slaves, we will give!

BALLAD OF THE TEA PARTY.

(*Sung to the Air of the "Hosier's Ghost."*)

As near beauteous Boston lying,
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pennant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appear'd in view.

Arm'd with hammers, axes, chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Tow'rd the tax'd-tea-freighted vessels
They came boldly and with speed.

O'er their heads in lofty mid-sky,
Three bright angel forms were seen,
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll banish,
Soon the triumph will be won,
Scarce the setting sun shall vanish
Ere the glorious deed is done!"

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests display'd:
Axes, hammers, help afforded,
What a crash that eve was made!

Deep into the sea descended
Cursèd weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended!—
British rights shall ne'er be lost!

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails and plough the wave;
Tell your masters they were dreamers
When they thought to cheat the brave.

The several extracts we have given are indeed a fair sample of the early poetical produce of America. The first settlers had other matters to occupy them: their time was for action rather than contemplation. And for the eighteenth century colonial rhyming, whether in subject or quality, was not much unlike what during the same period passed for poetry in England. The early American writers followed the English mode, being still in every respect English themselves. Our review of *Colonial Poetry* may be fitly concluded with a brief list of characteristic subjects, extracted from a Catalogue appended by Kettell to his *Specimens of American Poetry.*

The Psalms in Metre; faithfully translated for the use, edification and comfort of the Saints in public and private, especially in New England. Cambridge, Stephen Daye, 1640. Crown 8vo, pp. 300.

Several Poems compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight: wherein especially is contained a compleat discourse and description of the four Elements, Constitutions,

Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the three first Monarchyes, namely, the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Romane Commonwealth, from the beginning to the end of their last King, with diverse other pleasant and serious Poems, by a Gentlewoman in New England. (*Mrs. Anne Bradstreet.*) The second Edition, corrected by the author, and enlarged by an addition of several poems found amongst her papers after her death. Boston, John Foster, 1678. 18mo, pp. 255.

A Lachrymatory, designed for the tears let fall at the funeral of Mrs. Sarah Leveret, who died 2d 11mo. 1704, 5. Boston, Samuel Phillips, 1705. 18mo, pp. 4. (*With a Funeral Sermon.*)

Meat out of the Eater, or Meditations concerning the necessity and usefulness of Affliction unto God's children, all tending to prepare them for, and comfort them under the cross. By Michael Wigglesworth, corrected and amended by the author in the year 1703. The Fifth Edition. Boston, J. Allen for Robert Starke, 1717. 18mo, pp. 143.

Psalterium Americanum, the book of Psalms, in a translation exactly conformed unto the original, but all in blank verse; fitted unto the tunes commonly used in our churches. Which pure offering is accompanied with illustrations digging for hidden treasures in it, and rules to employ it upon the glorious and various intentions of it. Whereto are added some other portions of the Sacred Scripture to enrich the Cantional. (*By Cotton Mather.*) Boston, S. Kneeland, 1718. 12mo, pp. 426.

Pitchero Threnodia, or an Elegiack Poem, sacred to the memory of the late Rev: Nathaniel Pitcher, Pastor of the North Church in Scituate &c. Boston, B. Green, 1724. 12mo, pp. 12.

A Monumental Gratitude attempted, in a poetical relation of the deliverance of several of the members of Yale College, in passing the Sound from South Hold to New Haven, August 20th, 1726. New London, T. Green, 1727. pp. 10.

Zeuma, or the Love of Liberty, a Poem in three books, by James Ralph. London, S. Billingsley, 1729. 8vo.

To His Excellency Governor Belcher, on the Death of his Lady. An Epistle by the Rev: Mr. Byles. Boston, 1736. 4to, pp. 8.

On the death of the Queen, a poem, inscribed to His Excellency Governor Belcher, by the Rev: Mr. Byles. Boston, J. Draper, for D. Henchman, 1738. 4to, pp. 7.

The Day of Doom, or a poetical description of the great and last Judgment, with a short discourse about Eternity, by Michael Wigglesworth, AM., Teacher of the Church in Maldon, New England. The seventh edition enlarged. Boston, Thomas Fleet, 1751. 18mo, pp. 114.

The Choice, a Poem after the manner of Mr. Pomfret. By a Young Gentleman (*B. Church*). Boston, Edes & Gill, 1757. 4to, pp. 15.

New England's Misery. The Procuring Cause and Remedy Proposed. Composed October 1758. Boston, Z. Fowle & S. Draper, 1758. 12mo, pp. 15.

Ode on the Glorious success of His Majesty's arms and present greatness of the English Nation (*Nathaniel Evans*). Philadelphia, William Dunlop, 1762. 4to, pp. 14.

Science. A Poem by Francis Hopkinson Esq. Philadelphia, William Dunlop, 1762. 4to, pp. 19.

Resignation, in two parts, with a postscript to Mrs. B——. Philadelphia, 1764. 8vo.

Juvenile Poems on various subjects, with the Prince of Parthia, a tragedy. By the late Mr. Thomas Godfrey jr. of Philadelphia. Philadelphia, Henry Miller, 1765. 4to, pp. 223.

An Elegiac poem on the death of that celebrated divine and eminent servant of Jesus Christ, the Rev: George Whitefield, &c., by Phillis, a female slave of 17 years of age, belonging to Mr. J. Wheatley of Boston. She has been but 9 years in this country from Africa. Boston, Ezekiel Russell & J. Boyles, 1770.

A Poem on the rising glory of America, being an exercise delivered at the public Commencement at Nassau Hall, September 28th, 1771 (*Wm. Smith & P. Freneau*). Philadelphia, R. Aitken, 1772. 8vo, pp. 27.

A poem addressed to a young lady, in three parts. Written at Antigua. Boston, Green and Russell, 1773. 4to, pp. 33.

The Progress of Dullness, &c. (*J. Trumbull.*) New Haven, Thomas & Samuel Green, 1773. 12mo, pp. 21.

Poems on various subjects, Religious and Moral, by Phillis Wheatley, negro servant to Mr. John Wheatley of Boston in New England. London, A. Ball, 1773. 12mo, pp. 124.

American Liberty, a Poem. New York, 1775. 8vo.

The Battle of Bunker's Hill, a Dramatic Piece, with a Military Song. Philadelphia, 1776. 8vo.

POETRY OF AMERICA.

1776 TO 1876.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

Born in New York City 1752—died 1832.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE. (1782.)

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by:
Thus quietly thy summer goes—
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay—
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND.

In spite of all the learn'd have said,
I still my old opinion keep:
The posture that we give the dead,
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dress'd,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou, Stranger! that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit;
Observe the swelling turf, and say,—
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an agèd elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest play'd!

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah, with her braidèd hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase array'd,
The hunter still the deer pursues,—
The hunter and the deer a shade!

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.*

Born at Philadelphia 1770—died 1842.

HAIL, COLUMBIA! (1798.)

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause;
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

* See Note 1.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm, united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause:
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm, united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat:
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
When Hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.
Firm, united, &c.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

Born at Taunton, Massachusetts, 1773—died 1811.

*ADAMS AND LIBERTY.**

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights, which unstain'd from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended.
'Mid the reign of mild Peace
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime, whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd,
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder array'd,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
'Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And barter'd their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution;

* See Note 2.

May Peace, like the dove who return'd from the Flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.
But though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms:
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms;
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
While, with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourish'd;
But long e'er our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourish'd.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm;
Lest our liberty's growth should be check'd by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us; we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;

For, unmoved, at its portal would WASHINGTON stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword, from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever;
Her pride is her ADAMS; her laws are his choice,
And shall flourish, till Liberty slumbers forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Born in Maryland 1779—died 1843.

*THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.**

O! SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

* See Note 3.

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto—"*In God is our trust:*"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Born in South Carolina 1799—died 1843.

*AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.**

All hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

* See Note 4.

The Genius of our clime,
From pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim:
Then let the world combine!
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the Milky Way, shall shine
Bright in fame.

Though ages long have pass'd
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravel'd seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the Bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host,—
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast,—

While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One!"

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.*

Born in Duchess County, New York, 1779—died 1860.

THE OLD MAN'S CAROUSAL.

Drink! drink! to whom shall we drink?
To a friend or a mistress? Come, let me think!
To those who are absent, or those who are here?
To the dead that we loved, or the living still dear?
Alas! when I look, I find none of the last!
The present is barren,—let's drink to the past!

Come! here's to the girl with a voice sweet and low,
The eye all of fire and the bosom of snow,
Who erewhile in the days of my youth that are fled,
Once slept on my bosom, and pillow'd my head!
Would you know where to find such a delicate prize?
Go seek in yon churchyard, for therein she lies.

And here's to the friend, the one friend of my youth,
With a head full of genius, a heart full of truth,
Who travel'd with me in the sunshine of life,
And stood by my side in its peace and its strife!
Would you know where to seek for a blessing so rare?
Go drag the lone sea, you may find him there.

And here's to a brace of twin cherubs of mine,
With hearts like their mother's, as pure as this wine,
Who came but to see the first act of the play,
Grew tired of the scene, and then both went away.
Would you know where this brace of bright cherubs have hied?
Go seek them in heaven, for there they abide.

A bumper, my boys! to a gray-headed pair,
Who watched o'er my childhood with tenderest care,
God bless them, and keep them, and may they look down,
On the head of their son, without tear, sigh, or frown!
Would you know whom I drink to? go seek 'mid the dead,
You will find both their names on the stone at their head.

* See Note 5.

And here's—but, alas! the good wine is no more,
The bottle is emptied of all its bright store;
Like those we have toasted, its spirit is fled,
And nothing is left of the light that it shed.
Then, a bumper of tears, boys! the banquet here ends,
With a health to our dead, since we've no living friends.

WILLIAM MAXWELL.

Born at Norfolk, Virginia, 1784—died 1857.

TO A FAIR LADY.

FAIREST! mourn not for thy charms
Circled by no lover's arms,
While inferior belles you see
Pick up husbands merrily.
Sparrows, when they choose to pair,
Meet their matches anywhere;
But the Phœnix, sadly great,
Can not find an equal mate.
Earth, though dark, enjoys the honour
Of a moon to wait upon her;
Venus, though divinely bright,
Can not boast a satellite.

JOHN PIERPONT.

Born at Litchfield, Connecticut, 1785—died 1866.

PLYMOUTH DEDICATION HYMN.

THE winds and waves were roaring;
The Pilgrims met for prayer;
And here, their God adoring,
They stood, in open air.
When breaking day they greeted,
And when its close was calm,
The leafless woods repeated
The music of their psalm.

Not thus, O God, to praise Thee,
Do we, their children, throng;
The temple's arch we raise Thee
Gives back our choral song.
Yet, on the winds that bore Thee
Their worship and their prayers,
May ours come up before Thee
From hearts as true as theirs!

What have we, Lord! to bind us
To this, the Pilgrims' shore?
Their hill of graves behind us,
Their watery way before,
The wintry surge that dashes
Against the rocks they trod,
Their memory, and their ashes:
Be Thou their guard, O God!

We would not, Holy Father!
Forsake this hallow'd spot
Till on that shore we gather
Where graves and griefs are not:
The shore where true devotion
Shall rear no pillar'd shrine,
And see no other ocean
Than that of love divine.

MY CHILD.

I CAN NOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping tow'rd the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchel'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair:
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—*he* is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—*he* is not there!

I can not make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watch'd over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe lock'd;—*he* is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel brow,
I see it written—"Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER! Thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

CENTENNIAL ODE.

BREAK forth in song, ye trees!
As through your tops the breeze
Sweeps from the sea!
For, on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs
That breeze a people brings,
Exiled though free.

Ye sister hills! lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
In homage due;
These are the great of earth,—
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great in their well-proved worth,
Firm hearts and true.

These are the living lights,
That from your bold green heights
Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of Freedom, tow'rd the flame
Come, as the Magi came
Tow'rd Bethlehem's Star.

Gone are those great and good
Who here in peril stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light, that on their head
Two hundred years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod!
Guard well your trust:
The faith that dared the sea,
The truth that made them free,
Their cherish'd purity,
Their garner'd dust.

Thou high and holy One!
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills,—
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O, let Thy light repose
On these our hills!

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Born at Scituate, Massachusetts, 1785—died 1842.

THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hangs in his well.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.*

Born at Cambridge, Mass: 1787.

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

Thou little bird! thou dweller by the sea!
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
And with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly?
O! rather, bird! with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by the beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail—
What does it bring to me?

* See Note 6.

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge,—
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands thou both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells,—
Tells of man's woe and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird! and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more!
Come, quit with me the shore
For gladness, and the light
Where birds of summer sing!

THE MOSS SUPPLICATETH FOR THE POET.

Though I am humble, slight me not,
But love me for the Poet's sake;
Forget me not till he's forgot;
I care or slight with him would take.

For oft he pass'd the blossoms by,
And gazed on me with kindly look;
Left flaunting flowers and open sky,
And woo'd me by the shady brook.

And like the brook his voice was low:
So soft, so sad the words he spoke,
That with the stream they seem'd to flow:
They told me that his heart was broke;—

They said, the world he fain would shun,
And seek the still and twilight wood,—
His spirit, weary of the sun,
In humblest things found chiefest good;—

That I was of a lowly frame,
And far more constant than the flower,
Which, vain with many a boastful name,
But flutter'd out its idle hour;

That I was kind to old decay,
And wrapt it softly round in green,
On naked root and trunk of gray
Spread out a garniture and screen:—

They said, that he was withering fast,
Without a sheltering friend like me;
That on his manhood fell a blast,
And left him bare, like yonder tree;

That spring would clothe *his* boughs no more,
Nor ring his boughs with song of bird,—
Sounds like the melancholy shore
Alone were through his branches heard.

Methought, as then, he stood to trace
The wither'd stems, there stole a tear,
That I could read in his sad face—
Brothers! our sorrows make us near.

And then he stretch'd him all along,
And laid his head upon my breast,
Listening the water's peaceful song.
How glad was I to tend his rest!

Then happier grew his soothèd soul.
He turn'd and watch'd the sunlight play
Upon my face, as in it stole,
Whispering—"Above is brighter day!"

He praised my varied hues,—the green,
The silver hoar, the golden brown;
Said—Lovelier hues were never seen;
Then gently press'd my tender down.

And where I sent up little shoots,
He call'd them trees, in fond conceit:
Like silly lovers in their suits
He talk'd, his care awhile to cheat.

I said, I'd deck me in the dews,
Could I but chase away his care,
And clothe me in a thousand hues,
To bring him joys that I might share.

He answer'd, earth no blessing had
To cure his lone and aching heart;
That I was one, when he was sad,
Oft stole him from his pain, in part.

But e'en from thee, he said, I go,
To meet the world, its care and strife,
No more to watch this quiet flow,
Or spend with thee a gentle life.

And yet the brook is gliding on,
And I, without a care, at rest;
While back to toiling life he's gone,
Where finds his head no faithful breast.

Deal gently with him, World! I pray;
Ye cares! like soften'd shadows come;
His spirit, well-nigh worn away,
Asks with ye but awhile a home.

O, may I live, and when he dies
Be at his feet a humble sod;
O, may I lay me where he lies,
To die when he awakes in God!

LYDIA HOWARD HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

Born at Norwich, Connecticut, 1791—died 1865.

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have pass'd away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave;
That, 'mid the forests where they roam'd,
There rings no hunter's shout:
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have disappear'd, as wither'd leaves
Before the autumn's gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreath'd it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within its rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust:
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Born at Boston, Mass: 1791—died 1875.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

(TO TWO SWALLOWS IN A CHURCH.)

Gay, guiltless pair!
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep:
Penance is not for you,
Bless'd wanderers of the upper deep!

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands!

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power!

Above the crowd
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

Born at Boston, Mass: 1793—died 1870.

*THE CROSSED SWORDS.**

Swords cross'd,—but not in strife!
The chiefs who drew them, parted by the space
Of two proud countries' quarrel, face to face
Ne'er stood for death or life.

Swords cross'd, that never met
While nerve was in the hands that wielded them;
Hands better destined a fair family stem
On these free shores to set.

Kept cross'd by gentlest bands!
Emblems no more of battle, but of peace;
And proof how loves can grow and wars can cease,
Their once stern symbol stands.

It smiled first on the array
Of marshal'd books and friendliest companies;
And here, a history among histories,
It still shall smile for aye.

See that thou memory keep,
Of him the firm commander; and that other,
The stainless judge; and him our peerless brother;—
All fallen now asleep!

Yet more: a lesson teach,
To cheer the patriot-soldier in his course,—
That Right shall triumph still o'er insolent Force:
That be your silent speech!

* See Note 7.

Oh, be prophetic too!
And may those nations twain, as sign and seal
Of endless amity, hang up their steel,
As we these weapons do!

The archives of the Past,
So smear'd with blots of hate and bloody wrong,
Pining for peace, and sick to wait so long,
Hail this meek cross at last.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Born in New York 1795—died 1820.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendours fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valour given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*

Born at Cummington, Mass: 1794.

TO A WATER-FOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

* See Note 8.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn night
Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they;
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
And eve, that round the earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there;
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High tow'rds the star-lit sky
Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the sun,
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud,
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thine unaltering blaze,
The half-wreck'd mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;

And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of Time should shape his heedful way.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits' tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago;
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,—
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,—
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of One who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THE EVENING WIND.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice! thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,

And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone;—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth—
God's blessing breath'd upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird on his nest;
Curl the still waters, bright with stars; and rouse
The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast!
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone;
That they who near the churchyard willows stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that pass'd away,
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again!

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go!—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more.
Sweet odours in the sea air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

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*TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.**

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colour'd with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night!

Thou comèst not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dress'd,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

* See *Note* 9.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity;
Or only hear His voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city roll'd,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud,—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human-kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes;
For them Thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givèst them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast,—
The quiet of that moment too is Thine,
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Fill'd with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face,—
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest,—
To halls in which the feast is spread,—
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Goest thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleam again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

THE WANING MOON.

I've watch'd too late; the morn is near;
One look at God's broad silent sky!
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die!

Ev'n while your glow is on the cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.

See where upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars;
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wanèst, pallid moon!
The encroaching shadow grows apace;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
Well may thy sad, expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine thou for forms that once were bright,
For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lips!

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shalt cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quench'd in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darken'd orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shines all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

THE THIRD OF NOVEMBER, 1861.

Softly breathes the west-wind beside the ruddy forest,
Taking leaf by leaf from the branches where he flies.
Sweetly streams the sunshine, this third day of November,
Through the golden haze of the quiet autumn skies.

Tenderly the season has spared the grassy meadows,
Spared the petted flowers that the old world gave the new,
Spared the autumn rose and the garden's group of pansies,
Late-blown dandelions and periwinkles blue.

On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes ungather'd;
Children fill the groves with the echoes of their glee,
Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when beside them
Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-walnut tree.

Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson,
Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green.
Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
With the growths of summer, I never yet have seen.

Like this kindly season may life's decline come o'er me;
Past is manhood's summer, the frosty months are here;
Yet be genial airs and a pleasant sunshine left me,
Leaf, and fruit, and blossom, to mark the closing year!

Dreary is the time when the flowers of earth are wither'd;
Dreary is the time when the woodland leaves are cast,
When, upon the hillside, all harden'd into iron,
Howling, like a wolf, flies the famish'd northern blast!

Dreary are the years when the eye can look no longer
With delight on nature, or hope on human kind!
Oh may those that whiten my temples, as they pass me,
Leave the heart unfrozen, and spare the cheerful mind!

WAITING BY THE GATE.

Beside a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrow'd brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me: the evening bird sings on,
And I again am sooth'd, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are open'd; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quench'd forever, and still'd the sprightly shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopen'd, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror, yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

JAMES FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.*

Born at Guilford, Conn: 1795—died 1867.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,—
Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band—
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breath'd that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour pass'd on,—the Turk awoke:
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires;

* See Note 10.

Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquer'd;—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessèd seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;—
And thou art terrible,—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought,—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought,—
Come in her crowning hour,—and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men;

Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee!—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreath'd,
Her marble wrought, her music breath'd;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,—
And even she who gave thee birth,—
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

Born at Berlin, Conn: 1795—died 1856.

IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE.

O! IT is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending:
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye,—
Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending—
Glory that never shall fade, never, O! never away.

O! it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend who for country hath perish'd;
Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherish'd;
Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted for ever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.

O! then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout in our ear!
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter;
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea,
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore,—
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS.

Born at Medford, Mass: 1795—died 1845.

SONG.

Day, in melting purple dying!
Blossoms, all around me sighing!
Fragrance, from the lilies straying!
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing!
Ye but waken my distress,—
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken!
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee!
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent!
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling! spare thy treasure!
All I ask is friendship's pleasure.
Let the shining ore lie darkling!
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling!
Gifts and gold are naught to me:
I would only look on thee.

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,—
Yet but torture, if comprest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee!
Once in caution I could fly thee;
Now I nothing could deny thee.
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD.

Born at New London, Conn: 1796—died 1828.

THE TREE TOAD.

I AM a jolly tree toad, upon a chestnut tree;
I chirp, because I know that the night was made for me;
The young bat flies above me, the glow-worm shines below;
And the owlet sits to hear me, and half forgets his woe.

I'm lighted by the fire-fly, in circles wheeling round;
The caty-did is silent, and listens to the sound;
The jack-o'-lantern leads the way-worn traveller astray,
To hear the tree toad's melody until the break of day.

The harvest moon hangs over me, and smiles upon the streams;
The lights dance upward from the north, and cheer me with their beams;
The dew of heaven, it comes to me as sweet as beauty's tear;
The stars themselves shoot down to see what music we have here.

The winds around me whisper to every flower that blows,
To droop their heads, call in their sweets, and every leaf to close;
The whip-poor-will sings to his mate the mellow melody:
But, "Hark, and hear the notes that flow from yonder chestnut tree!"

Ye caty-dids and whip-poor-wills! come listen to me now:
I am a jolly tree toad upon a chestnut bough;
I chirp because I know that the night was made for me,—
And I close my proposition with a Q. E. D.

THE NOSEGAY.

I'LL pull a bunch of buds and flowers,
And tie a ribbon round them,
If you'll but think, in your lonely hours,
Of the sweet little girl that bound them.

I'll cull the earliest that put forth,
And those that last the longest;
And the bud, that boasts the fairest birth,
Shall cling to the stem that's strongest.

I've run about the garden walks,
And search'd among the dew, Sir;
These fragrant flowers, these tender stalks,
I've pluck'd them all for you, Sir!

So here's your bunch of buds and flowers,
And here's the ribbon round them;
And here, to cheer your sadden'd hours,
Is the sweet little girl that bound them.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting:
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

STANZAS.

THE dead leaves strew the forest walk,
And wither'd are the pale wild flowers;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers;
Gone are the spring's green sprouting bowers,
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learn'd a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swell'd from yonder tree,—
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perch'd, and raised her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she?
Away,—where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there;
The northern breeze that rustles by
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair;
No forest tree stands stripp'd and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
No mountain top, with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there, with all the birds, and seek
A happier clime, with livelier flight;
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
And leave me lonely with the night!
I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And mark where all its glories shone,—
See—that it all is fair and bright,
Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

Born in London 1802—died 1828.

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,—
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
  And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
  'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
  Like those of morning birds;
And something more than melody
  Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
  And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
  Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
  The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
  So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
  The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
  A picture on the brain;
And of her voice in echoing hearts
  A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
  So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
  Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,—
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

Born at Providence, Rhode Island, 1802—died 1868.

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead! that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old GRIMES is now at rest,
Nor fears Misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbours he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view;
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to Fortune's chances;
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Born at Boston, Mass: 1803.

THE POET.

FOR this present, hard
Is the fortune of the bard
Born out of time;
All his accomplishment,
From nature's utmost treasure spent,
Booteth not him.

When the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfall tones,
He speeds to the woodland walks,
To birds and trees he talks:
Cæsar of his leafy Rome,
Where the poet is at home.
He goes to the river side,—
  Not hook nor line hath he:
He stands in the meadows wide,—
  Nor gun nor scythe to see.
With none has he to do,
  And none seek him,
Nor men below,
  Nor spirits dim.
What he knows nobody wants:
What he knows, he hides, not vaunts.
Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest;
Pondering shadows, colours, clouds,
Grass buds, and caterpillars' shrouds,
Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
Tints that spot the violet's petal,
Why nature loves the number five,
  And why the star-form she repeats;—
Lover of all things alive,
  Wonderer at all he meets,
Wonderer chiefly at himself,—
  Who can tell him what he is;
Or how meet in human elf
  Coming and past eternities! . . . .
And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, *who knew by heart*
Each joy *the mountain dales impart;*
It seem'd *that nature could not raise*
A plant in *any secret place,*
In quaking *bog, on snowy hill,*
Beneath the grass *that shades the rill,*

Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It open'd in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam show'd the place,
And tell its long-descended race.
It seem'd as if the breezes brought him,
It seem'd as if the sparrows taught him,
As if by secret sight he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew.
There are many events in the field,
Which are not shown to common eyes,
But all her shows did nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
He found the tawny thrush's broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him.
What others did at distance hear,
And guess'd within the thicket's gloom,
Was show'd to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seem'd to come.

TO THE HUMBLE BEE.

FINE humble bee! fine humble bee!
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.
Flower-bells,
Honey'd cells,—
These the tents
Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun!
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere!
Swimmer through the waves of air!
Voyager of light and noon!
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall;
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance,
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods!
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone!
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he pass'd.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep:
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

BOSTON HYMN.

THE word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And fill'd their hearts with flame.

God said,—I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel,—his name is Freedom,—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best;

I show Columbia, of the rocks
  Which dip their foot in the seas,
And soar to the air-borne flocks
  Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
  Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
  And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
  No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
  Shall constitute a State.

Go! cut down trees in the forest,
  And trim the straightest boughs;
Cut down trees in the forest,
  And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
  The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest field,
  Hireling, and him that hires;

And here in a pine state-house
  They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
  In church, and state, and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
  Can govern the land and sea,
And make just laws below the sun,
  As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succour men;
  'Tis nobleness to serve;
Help them who can not help again:
  Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
  And I unchain the slave:

Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature
His proper good to flow:
As much as he is and doeth,
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hands on another
To coin his labour and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound!

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him!

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honour, O South! for his shame;
Nevada! coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race
That sat in darkness long,—
Be swift their feet as antelopes,
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,
By races, as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes!

My will fulfill'd shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

SONG OF NATURE.

MINE are the night and morning,
The pits of air, the gulf of space,
The sportive sun, the gibbous moon,
The innumerable days.

I hide in the solar glory,
I am dumb in the pealing song,
I rest on the pitch of the torrent,
In slumber I am strong.

No numbers have counted my tallies,
No tribes my house can fill,
I sit by the shining Fount of Life,
And pour the deluge still;

And ever by delicate powers
Gathering along the centuries
From race on race the rarest flowers,
My wreath shall nothing miss.

And many a thousand summers
My apples ripen'd well;
And light from meliorating stars
With firmer glory fell.

I wrote the past in characters
Of rock and fire the scroll,—
The building in the coral sea,
The planting of the coal.

And thefts from satellites and rings
And broken stars I drew;
And out of spent and agèd things
I form'd the world anew;

What time the gods kept carnival,
Trick'd out in star and flower,
And in cramp elf and saurian forms
They swathed their too much power.

Time and Thought were my surveyors,—
They laid their courses well,
They boil'd the sea, and baked the layers
Of granite, marl, and shell.

But he, the man-child glorious,—
Where tarries he the while?
The rainbow shines his harbinger,
The sunset gleams his smile.

My boreal lights leap upward,
Forthright my planets roll,
And still the man-child is not born,
The summit of the whole.

Must time and tide forever run?
Will never my winds go sleep in the west?
Will never my wheels which whirl the sun
And satellites have rest?

Too much of donning and doffing,
Too slow the rainbow fades,
I weary of my robe of snow,
My leaves and my cascades;

I tire of globes and races,
Too long the game is play'd;
What without him is summer's pomp,
Or winter's frozen shade?

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate.

Twice I have moulded an image,
And thrice outstretch'd my hand,
Made one of day, and one of night,
And one of the salt sea-sand.

One in a Judæan manger,
And one by Avon stream,
One over against the mouths of Nile,
And one in the Academe.

I moulded kings and saviours,
And bards o'er kings to rule;—
But fell the starry influence short,
The cup was never full.

Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more,
And mix the bowl again;
Seethe, Fate! the ancient elements,
Heat, cold, wet, dry, and peace, and pain.

Let war and trade and creeds and song
Blend, ripen race on race,
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones, and countless days.

No ray is dimm'd, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanish'd gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

FRIENDSHIP.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,—
And, after many a year,
Glow'd unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend! my bosom said,—
Through thee alone the sky is arch'd,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

TO EVA.

OH fair and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies
At the same torch that lighted mine;
For so I must interpret still
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,
A sympathy divine.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem at heart my own;
Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
Who charm the more their glance forbids,
Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,
With fire that draws while it repels.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Born in New York City 1806.

THE BOB O' LINKUM.

THOU vocal sprite! thou feather'd troubadour!
In pilgrim weeds through many a clime a ranger,
Comest thou to doff thy russet suit once more,
And play in foppish trim the masquing stranger?
Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and nature;
But, wise as all of us, perforce, must think 'em,
The schoolboy best hath fix'd thy nomenclature,
And poets too must call thee Bob O' Linkum!

Say! art thou, long 'mid forest glooms benighted,
So glad to skim our laughing meadows over,
With our gay orchards here so much delighted,
It makes thee musical, thou airy rover?
Or are those buoyant notes the pilfer'd treasure
Of fairy isles, which thou hast learn'd to ravish
Of all their sweetest minstrelsy at pleasure,
And, Ariel-like, again on men to lavish?

They tell sad stories of thy mad-cap freaks;
Wherever o'er the land thy pathway ranges,
And even in a brace of wandering weeks,
They say, alike thy song and plumage changes:
Here both are gay; and when the buds put forth,
And leafy June is shading rock and river,
Thou art unmatch'd, blithe warbler of the north!
When through the balmy air thy clear notes quiver.

Joyous, yet tender, was that gush of song
Caught from the brooks, where, 'mid its wildflowers smiling,
The silent prairie listens all day long,
The only captive to such sweet beguiling;
Or didst thou, flitting through the verdurous halls
And column'd aisles of western groves symphonious,
Learn from the tuneful woods rare madrigals,
To make our flowering pastures here harmonious?

Caught'st thou thy carol from Otawa maid,
Where, through the liquid fields of wild rice plashing,
Brushing the ears from off the burden'd blade,
Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing?
Or did the reeds of some savannah south
Detain thee while thy northern flight pursuing,
To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth
The spice-fed winds had taught them in their wooing?

Unthrifty prodigal! is thought of ill
Thy ceaseless roundelay disturbing ever?
Or doth each pulse in choiring cadence still
Throb on in music till at rest forever?
Yet, now in wilder'd maze of concord floating,
'Twould seem that glorious hymning to prolong,
Old Time, in hearing thee, might fall a doting,
And pause to listen to thy rapturous song!

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt?)
One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But, determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drunk in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn;
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth in the dews of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scatter'd profusely in every one's reach,
When call'd on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Express'd the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while VENUS look'd on,
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been miss'd in the draught from that hour.

FLORA then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
And with roseate fingers press'd down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh, as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavour the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
But juleps the drink of immortals became,
When JOVE himself added a handful of hail.

TO A LADY BLUSHING.

THE lilies faintly to the roses yield,
As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,
(Who would not strive upon so sweet a field
To win the mastery?)
And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes reveal'd,
Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unseal'd.

I could not wish that in thy bosom aught
Should e'er one moment's transient pain awaken,
Yet can't regret that thou—forgive the thought!—
As flowers when shaken
Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind,
Should'st, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

Born at Charleston, South Carolina, 1806—died 1870.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

NOT in the sky,
Where it was seen,
Nor on the white tops of the glistering wave,
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep—

Though green
And beautiful its caves of mystery—
Shall the bright watcher have
A place, and as of old high station keep.

Gone! gone!
Oh, never more to cheer
The mariner who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers and do sleep,
Shall it appear,
With the sweet fixedness of certain light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep.

Vain, vain!
Hopeful most idly then, shall he look forth,
That mariner from his bark,—
Howe'er the north
Doth raise his certain lamp when tempests lower,—
He sees no more that perish'd light again!
And gloomier grows the hour
Which may not, through the thick and crowding dark,
Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

He looks,—the shepherd on Chaldea's hills,
Tending his flocks,—
And wonders the rich beacon doth not blaze,
Gladdening his gaze;
And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him safely home through perilous ways.
How stands he in amaze,
Still wondering, as the drowsy silence fills
The sorrowful scene, and every hour distils
Its leaden dews,—how chafes he at the night,
Still slow to bring the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight!

And lone,
Where its first splendours shone,
Shall be that pleasant company of stars:
How should they know that death
Such perfect beauty mars?

And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
Fallen from on high,
Their lights grow blasted by its touch, and die,
All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapp'd rudely, and the generous music gone.

A strain, a mellow strain
Of wailing sweetness, fill'd the earth and sky:
The stars lamenting in unborrow'd pain
That one of the selectest ones must die;
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
Alas! 'tis evermore the destiny,—
The hope heart-cherish'd is the soonest lost;
The flower first budded soonest feels the frost:
Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest?
And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest when they fly
The desolate home they bless'd?

THE PRAYER OF THE LYRE.

How sweetly doth the night
Send forth her silvery light,
Sprinkling gay gleams along the slumbering sea;
While gentle wings, that rise
In the far eastern skies,
Bring to the sense a sad, strange melody.

And silent is the crowd,
The voices, vex'd and loud,
That had been death to these sweet spells around,—
Oh! let us seek yon beach,
Where, full of solemn speech,
The billows wake our thoughts to themes profound!

Night is thought's minister,
And we, who rove with her,
Err not to seek her now in scene so bright,—

Scene that too soon departs,
Yet meet for gentle hearts,
And, like the truth they pledge, lovely in heaven's own sight.

'Twas in such hour as this,
When roused to heaven-wrought bliss,
The ancient bard's quick spirit smote the lyre;
And, harmonizing earth,
Then music sprang to birth,
And claim'd, so sweet her form, a god to be her sire.

Then the wild man grew tame,
And from the hill-tops came
The shaggy-mantled shepherd with his flocks,—
And, as the minstrel sung,
Old fable found his tongue,
And raised a glittering form on all his rocks.

Is there no hope again,
For the high-chanted strain,
That stream'd in beauty then o'er mount and valley wide,—
When, from each hill and dell,
Down-brought by minstrel spell,
Bounding, the Muses came, in joy, from every side,—

When, taught by spirits choice,
Each forest-thronging voice
Made music of its own for thousand listening ears;
When every flower and leaf
Had its own joy and grief,
And wings ascending came from the less gifted spheres?

Shall the time never more
The old sweet song restore,
That made the stern heart gentle, and to all—
The vicious and the good—
The kind of heart and rude—
Brought spells that wrapp'd each soul in sweetest thrall?

The sacred groves that then
Show'd spirit-forms to men,
And crown'd high hopes and led to each most lofty shrine,
The oracles that wore
Rich robes of mystic lore,
And taught, if not a faith, at least a song, divine:—

Still silent—will they keep
In a cold, death-like sleep,
Nor minister to man, nor soothe him as of old,—
Winning him from his stye
To immortality,
Making each feeling true, making each virtue bold?

Oh, will they not descend,
Sweet spirits, to befriend,
Bring back the ancient muse, bring back the golden lyre,—
Teach us the holier good,
Of that more pliant mood,
When self untutor'd came to light affection's fire,—

When, yet untaught to build
In some more favour'd field
His cheerless cabin far from where the rest abode,
He had no thought so free
But his heart yearn'd to be
Bow'd down, with all his tribe, to each domestic god?

Still keeps the sky as fair,
The pleasant moon is there,
And the winds whisper yet, as if upon them borne
Spirits came still to earth,
Happy, as at its birth,
To rove its shadowy walks, now crowded and forlorn.

'Tis man alone is changed—
The shepherd—he who ranged
O'er the wild hills, a giant in the sun—
His soul and eye aloft,
His bosom strong, but soft,
With spirit, that fresh joy from each new season won.

Look on him now—the slave!
Since that sad knowledge gave
The restless thirst that mocks at quiet good;
The innocent joy no more,
That the old forest wore,
Nor yet the charm of song, may soothe his sleepless mood.

Power's proud consciousness—
How should it ever bless,
When still it prompts a dark and sleepless strife?
A sleepless strife to sway,
And bear that spoil away,
Had been the common stock in his old shepherd life.

Ah, me! would time restore
The ancient faith, the lore
That taught sweet dreams, kind charities and love,
Soothing the spirit's pride,
Bidding the heart confide,
Lifting the hope until its eye grew fix'd above!

Once, once again, the song
That stay'd the arm of wrong,—
Once more the sacred strain that charm'd the shepherds rude,—
Send it, sweet spirits!—ye
Who lift man's destiny;—
Once more, oh, let it bless our solitude.

Teach us that strife is woe,
The love of lucre low,
And but high hopes and thoughts are worthy in our aim;
Teach us that love alone,
Pure love, long heavenward flown,
Can bring us that sweet happiness we claim.

And with that sacred lore,
The shepherd loved, once more
Arouse the frolic beat of the hope-licensed heart,—
When, gathering in the grove,
Young maidens sang of love,
And no cold bigot came to chide the minstrel's art.

Then were these teachers still:
This moon, yon quiet hill,
The sea, and more than all, the swelling breeze that brings,
With every hour like this,
A dream of life and bliss,
With healing to the sad heart on its wings.

Then would the chanted strain
Of the old bard again
Bring cheerful thoughts once more around the evening fire;
Then would the pure and young,
Such as the minstrel sung,
Once more rejoice to hear the young earth's infant lyre.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Born at Portland, Maine, 1807.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

The night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailèd hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquer'd will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possess'd.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm!

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary:
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all:
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

THE QUADROON GIRL.

The Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moor'd with idle sail;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watch'd the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers, and spice,
Reach'd them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seem'd in haste to go.

He said—"My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,
Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore save a kirtle bright,
And her own long raven hair.

And on her lips there play'd a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old;"
The thoughtful Planter said;
Then look'd upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursèd gains;
For he knew whose passions gave her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak;
He took the glittering gold!
Then pale as death grew the maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand.
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land!

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children! and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in 'Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,

Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and, with muffled oar,
Silently row'd to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climb'd to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And started the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,

And seeming to whisper—"All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walk'd Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamp'd the earth,
And turn'd and tighten'd his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watch'd with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North-Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! and yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night:
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village-clock,
When he cross'd the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,

And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village-clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,

In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of PAUL REVERE.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where:
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where:
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

SERENADE.

(*From "The Spanish Student."*)

STARS of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye Children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplex'd me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been harden'd into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye Children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all of the rest are dead.

CATAWBA WINE.

This song of mine
Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of wayside inns,
When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song
Of the Scuppernong,
From warm Carolinian valleys,
Nor the Isabel
And the Muscadel
That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,
Whose clusters hang
O'er the waves of the Colorado,

And the fiery flood
Of whose purple blood
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best
Is the wine of the West,
That grows by the Beautiful River,—
Whose sweet perfume
Fills all the room
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees
Are the haunts of bees,
For ever going and coming;
So this crystal hive
Is all alive
With a swarming and buzzing and humming.

Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquiver,
Nor on island or cape,
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugg'd is their juice
For foreign use,
When shipp'd o'er the reeling Atlantic,
To rack our brains
With the fever pains
That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer!
For a poison malign
Is such Borgia wine,
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it, one needs but name it;
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall deliver
To the Queen of the West,
In her garlands dress'd,
On the banks of the Beautiful River.

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;

Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!"—the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!'—our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air peal'd
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crush'd our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmasthead.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream.
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

SNOW-FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expresssion,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the Air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whisper'd and reveal'd
To wood and field.

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

Born 1807.

GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

Old wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun:
Pluck'd from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripen'd 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whiskey hot,
Temper'd with well-boil'd water!

These make the long night shorter;
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring, too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A faggot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasp'd, the vellum-writ,
Time-honour'd tomes!
The same my sire scann'd before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore:
The well-earn'd meed
Of Oxford's domes.
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie;
Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found:

Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring WALTER good,
With soul-full FRED, and learned WILL:
And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still
For every mood).

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.*

Born at Cummington, Mass: 1807.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THAT soft autumnal time
Is come that sheds upon the naked scene
Charms only known in this our northern clime,—
Bright seasons, far between.

The woodland foliage now
Is gather'd by the wild November blast;
E'en the thick leaves upon the poplar's bough
Are fallen, to the last.

The mighty vines, that round
The forest trunks their slender branches bind,
Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground,
Swing naked in the wind.

Some living green remains,
By the clear brook that shines along the lawn;
But the sear grass stands white o'er all the plains,
And the bright flowers are gone.

But these, these are thy charms,—
Mild airs and temper'd light upon the lea;
And the year holds no time within its arms
That doth resemble thee.

The sunny noon is thine,
Soft, golden, noiseless as the dead of night;
And hues that in the flush'd horizon shine
At eve and early light.

* See Note 11.

The year's last, loveliest smile,—
Thou comest to fill with hope the human heart,
And strengthen it to bear the storms awhile,
Till winter days depart.

O'er the wide plains, that lie
A desolate scene, the fires of autumn spread,
And nightly on the dark walls of the sky
A ruddy brightness shed.

Far in a shelter'd nook
I've met, in these calm days, a smiling flower,
A lonely aster, trembling by a brook,
At the quiet noontide's hour.

And something told my mind,
That, should old age to childhood call me back,
Some sunny days and flowers I still might find
Along life's weary track.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

Born at Portland, Maine, 1807—died 1867.

THE ANNOYER.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes unbidden everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men,
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream,

And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud and the open sky,—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he;
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought
Will Love be lurking nigh.

TWO WOMEN.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walk'd she; but, viewlessly,
Walk'd spirits at her side.

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,
And Honour charm'd the air;
And all astir look'd kind on her,
And call'd her good as fair,—
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo,—
But honour'd well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail,—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walk'd forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walk'd the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old—
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
I am old, and I "bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smother'd call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go—
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.*

Born at Haverhill, Mass: 1807.

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius' Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's Prophet on Al-Borâk,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped

* See Note 12.

Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rain'd-on fowl,
Feather'd and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Push'd and pull'd up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limb'd, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,*
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sail'd away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sail'd away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!"—they call'd to him.
Back he answer'd—"Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sail'd through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

* See Note 13.

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Look'd from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Look'd for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sail'd away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horns' bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And crack'd with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac show'd.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seem'd the sound to hear
Of voices shouting far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbours!" at last he cried,—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?

Waking or sleeping I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"—
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said—"God has touch'd him!—why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son—
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
Tarr'd and feather'd and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

BARCLAY OF URY.

Up the streets of Aberdeen
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Press'd the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeer'd at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he pass'd her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost—"Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarr'd and sunburn'd darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud—"God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine!"—said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me."

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvel'd much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day!"—he sadly said,
With a slowly-shaking head,
And a look of pity;—
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine!
As we charged on Tilly's line
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"—

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend!
Like beginning; like the end:"—
Quoth the Laird of Ury,
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlaw'd, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Bless'd me as I pass'd her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friends' falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving:
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"—

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old!
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain
Paint the golden morrow!

THE MAYFLOWERS.

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their first fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower! watch'd by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimm'd bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet—"God be praised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,—
"Behold our Mayflower here!"

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea,
Shall spread her sails no more."

Oh! sacred flowers of faith and hope!
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers!

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay—
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod:
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

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*BURIAL OF BARBOUR.**

Bear him, comrades! to his grave;
Never over one more brave
Shall the prairie grasses weep,
In the ages yet to come,
When the millions in our room
What we sow in tears shall reap.

Bear him up the icy hill,
With the Kansas, frozen still
As his noble heart, below,—
And the land he came to till
With a freeman's thews and will,
And his poor hut roof'd with snow!

One more look of that dead face,
Of his murder's ghastly trace!
One more kiss, oh, widow'd one!
Lay your left hands on his brow,
Lift your right hands up, and vow
That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends! The eye of God
Every path by Murder trod
Watches, lidless, day and night;
And the dead man in his shroud,
And his widow weeping loud,
And our hearts, are in his sight.

* See Note 14.

Every deadly threat that swells
With the roar of gambling hells,
  Every brutal jest and jeer,
Every wicked thought and plan
Of the cruel heart of man,
  Though but whisper'd, He can hear!

We in suffering, they in crime,
Wait the just award of time,
  Wait the vengeance that is due;
Not in vain a heart shall break,
Not a tear for Freedom's sake
  Falls unheeded: God is true.

While the flag with stars bedeck'd
Threatens where it should protect,
  And while Law shakes hands with Crime,
What is left us but to wait,
Match our patience to our fate,
  And abide the better time?

Patience, friends! the human heart
Everywhere shall take our part,
  Everywhere for us shall pray;
On our side are Nature's laws,
And God's life is in the cause
  That we suffer for to-day.

Well to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
  Pass the countersign: "ENDURE!"
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
  Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,
Lay our slain one down to rest,
  Lay him down in hope and faith;
And above the broken sod,
Once again, to Freedom's God,
  Pledge ourselves for life or death:

That the State whose walls we lay,
In our blood and tears, to-day,
  Shall be free from bonds of shame;
And our goodly land untrod
By the feet of Slavery—shod
  With cursing as with flame!

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,
For the hunter of the slave
  In its shadow can not rest;
And let martyr mound and tree
Be our pledge and guarantee
  Of the freedom of the West!

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMEN.

O, praise an' tanks! De Lord He come
  To set de people free;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
  An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red-Sea waves
  He jus' as 'trong as den;
He say de word: we las' night slaves;
  To-day, de Lord's freemen.
    De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
      We'll hab de rice an' corn;
    O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
      De driver blow his horn!

Ole massa on he trabbels gone;
  He leaf de land behind:
De Lord's breff blow him furder on,
  Like corn-shuck in de wind.
We own de hoe, we own de plough,
  We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
  But nebber chile be sold.
    De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
      We'll hab de rice an' corn:
    O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
      De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord: He gib us signs
  Dat some day we be free;
De Norf-wind tell it to de pines,
  De wild-duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church-bell ring,
  We dream it in de dream;
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
  De eagle when he scream.
    De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
      We'll hab de rice an' corn:
    O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
      De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebber fail,
  An' nebber lie de word;
So like de 'postles in de jail,
  We waited for de Lord:
An' now He open ebery door,
  An' trow away de key;
He tink we lub Him so before,
  We lub Him better free.
    De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
      He'll gib de rice an' corn:
    O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
      De driver blow his horn!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand,
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee march'd over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapp'd in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men haul'd down.

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shiver'd the window-pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag!"—she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirr'd
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!"—he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag toss'd
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union! wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

ICHABOD.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not!—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall.

O! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might

Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night!

Scorn! Would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now;
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonour'd brow!

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make!

Of all we loved and honour'd, nought
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honour dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

---

*TELLING THE BEES.**

HERE is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

* See Note 15.

There is the house, with the gate red-barr'd,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'er-run,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings, of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside Farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brush'd off the burrs, and smooth'd my hair,
And cool'd at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had pass'd,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I look'd at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,

61272

Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listen'd: the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself—"My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sang to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees! fly not hence:
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

THE RIVER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew;

For from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom:
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river roll'd in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seem'd not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckon'd our dear ones gone before;

And still'd our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear.

Sudden our pathway turn'd from night;
The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine show'd,
A long slant splendour downward flow'd.

Down glade and glen and bank it roll'd;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side.

"So"—pray'd we—"when our feet draw near
The river dark, with mortal fear,

"And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father! let thy light break through!

"So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

"So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth;

"And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!"

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road—
A ragged beggar sunning:
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarr'd by raps official;
The warping floor, the batter'd seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

It touch'd the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delay'd
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled;
His cap pull'd low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he linger'd,
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-check'd apron finger'd.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing;
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

Still memory to a gray-hair'd man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Born at Philadelphia 1808.

AUGUST.

Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer! on thy livery of green.
A tarnish, as of rust,
Dims thy late-brilliant sheen;
And thy young glories,—leaf, and bud, and flower,—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

Thee hath the August sun
Look'd on with hot and fierce and brassy face;
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets, that lately sent
A shout of gladness up as on they went.

Flame-like the long mid-day!
With not so much of sweet air as hath stirr'd
The down upon the spray
Where rests the panting bird,
Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
With fitful twitter, sadly out of tune.

Seeds in the sultry air,
And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees;
E'en the tall pines, that rear
Their plumes to catch the breeze—
The slightest breeze from the unfreshening west—
Partake the general languor and deep rest.

Happy, as man may be,
Stretch'd on his back, in homely bean-vine bower,
While the voluptuous bee
Robs each surrounding flower,
And prattling childhood clambers o'er his breast,—
The husbandman enjoys his noonday rest.

Against the hazy sky
The thin and fleecy clouds, unmoving, rest;
Beneath them far, yet high
In the dim distant west,
The vulture, scenting thence its carrion-fare,
Sails, slowly circling in the sunny air.

Soberly, in the shade,
Repose the patient cow, and toil-worn ox,—
Or in the shoal stream wade,
Shelter'd by jutting rocks;
The fleecy flock, fly-scourged and restless, rush
Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

Tediously pass the hours;
And vegetation wilts, with blister'd root,
And droop the thirsting flowers,
Where the slant sunbeams shoot:
But of each tall old tree the lengthening line,
Slow-creeping eastward, marks the day's decline.

Faster along the plain
Moves now the shade, and on the meadows' edge:
The kine are forth again,
The bird flits in the hedge.
Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
Welcome, mild eve!—the sultry day is done.

Pleasantly comèst thou,
Dew of the evening! to the crisp'd-up grass;
And the curl'd corn-blades bow,
As the light breezes pass,
That their parch'd lips may feel thee, and expand,
Thou sweet reviver of the fever'd land!

So, to the thirsting soul,
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love;
And the scathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove, untrammel'd, in that "better land."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Born at Cambridge, Mass: 1809.

DOROTHY Q.

(A Family Portrait.)

GRANDMOTHER'S mother! her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air,
Smooth, square forehead, with uproll'd hair,
Lips that lover has never kiss'd,
Taper fingers and slender wrist,
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade,—
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene;
Hold up the canvas full in view!
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust,—
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old—
Dorothy's daughter's daughter—told.

Who the painter was none may tell,—
One whose best was not over well;
Hard and dry, it must be confess'd,
Flat as a rose that has long been press'd;
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,
Dainty colours of red and white;
And in her slender shape are seen
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn!
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name:
And still to the three-hill'd rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they own,
The youthful sire and the grayhair'd son.

O damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;
Such a gift as never a king
Save to daughter or son might bring:
All my tenure of heart and hand,
All my title to house and land,
Mother and sister, and child and wife,
And joy and sorrow, and death and life.

What if a hundred years ago
Those close-shut lips had answered—No!
When forth the tremulous question came
That cost the maiden her Norman name;
And under the folds that look so still
The bodice swell'd with the bosom's thrill?
Should I be I, or would it be
One-tenth another to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long!

There were tones in the voice that whisper'd then
You may hear to-day in a hundred men!

O lady and lover! how faint and far
Your images hover, and here we are,
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone,—
Edwards and Dorothys—all their own—
A goodly record for time to show
Of a syllable spoken so long ago!—
Shall I bless you, Dorothy! or forgive,
For the tender whisper that bade me live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's blade,
And freshen the gold of the tarnish'd frame,
And gild with a rhyme your household name;
So you shall smile on us brave and bright
As first you greeted the morning's light,
And live untroubled by woes and fears
Through a second youth of a hundred years.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE:

OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

(A Logical Story.)

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it——ah! but stay;
I'll tell you what happen'd without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five!
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,

And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finish'd the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring, or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still:
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore, (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
—"Fur"—said the Deacon—"'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settlers' ellum"—
Last of its timber, they couldn't sell 'em,—
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,

Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon—"naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beasts turn'd gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropp'd away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED,—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound;
Eighteen hundred increased by ten,—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they call'd it then;
Eighteen hundred and twenty came,—
Running as usual, much the same;
Thirty and forty at last arrive;
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it! You're welcome. No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, the Earthquake-day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,

And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the *fore*,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys! get out of the way:
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tail'd, ewe-neck'd bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson;—off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopp'd perplex'd
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

THE TWO STREAMS.

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turn'd by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had stray'd,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-fleck'd Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

MIDSUMMER.

Here! sweep these foolish leaves away;
I will not crush my brains to-day!
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

Not that—the palm-tree's rustling leaf
Brought from a parching coral-reef!
Its breath is heated;—I would swing
The broad gray plumes,—the eagle's wing.

I hate these roses' feverish blood!
Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,
A long-stemm'd lily from the lake,
Cold as a coiling water-snake!

Rain me sweet odours on the air,
And wheel me up my Indian chair,
And spread some book not overwise
Flat out before my sleepy eyes!

Who knows it not—this dead recoil
Of weary fibres stretch'd with toil,
The pulse that flutters faint and low
When summer's seething breezes blow?

O Nature! bare thy loving breast,
And give thy child one hour of rest,—
One little hour to lie unseen
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green!

So, curtain'd by a singing pine,
Its murmuring voice shall blend with mine,
Till, lost in dreams, my faltering lay
In sweeter music dies away.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which—poets feign—
Sails the unshadow'd main,
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!
And every chamber'd cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies reveal'd,—
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll,—
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

ALBERT PIKE.*

Born at Boston, Mass: 1809.

TO CERES.

Goddess of bounty! at whose spring-time call,
When on the dewy earth thy first tones fall,
Pierces the ground each young and tender blade,
And wonders at the sun; each dull, gray glade
Is shining with new grass; from each chill hole
Where they had lain enchain'd and dull of soul,
The birds come forth, and sing for joy to thee
Among the springing leaves; and, fast and free,
The rivers toss their chains up to the sun,
And through their grassy banks leapingly run,

* See Note 16.

When thou hast touch'd them : thou who ever art
The goddess of all beauty : thou whose heart
Is ever in the sunny meads and fields;
To whom the laughing earth looks up and yields
Her waving treasures : thou that in thy car,
With winged dragons, when the morning star
Sheds his cold light, touchest the morning trees
Until they spread their blossoms to the breeze :—
O, pour thy light
Of truth and joy upon our souls this night,
And grant to us all plenty and good ease!

O, thou, the goddess of the rustling corn!
Thou to whom reapers sing, and on the lawn
Pile up their baskets with the full-ear'd wheat;
While maidens come, with little dancing feet,
And bring thee poppies, weaving thee a crown
Of simple beauty, bending their heads down
To garland thy full baskets : at whose side,
Among the sheaves of wheat, doth Bacchus ride
With bright and sparkling eyes, and feet and mouth
All wine-stain'd from the warm and sunny south :
Perhaps one arm about thy neck he twines,
While in his car ye ride among the vines,
And with the other hand he gathers up
The rich full grapes and holds the glowing cup
Unto thy lips,—and then he throws it by,
And crowns thee with bright leaves to shade thine eye,
So it may gaze with richer love and light
Upon his beaming brow :—if thy swift flight
Be on some hill
Of vine-hung Thrace—O, come! while night is still,
And greet with heaping arms our gladden'd sight!

Lo! the small stars, above the silver wave,
Come wandering up the sky, and kindly lave
The thin clouds with their light, like floating sparks
Of diamonds in the air; or spirit barks,
With unseen riders, wheeling in the sky!
Lo! a soft mist of light is rising high,
Like silver shining through a tint of red,

And soon the queenèd moon her love will shed,
Like pearl-mist, on the earth and on the sea,
Where thou shalt cross to view our mystery!
Lo! we have torches here for thee, and urns,
Where incense with a floating odour burns,
And altars piled with various fruits and flowers,
And ears of corn, gather'd at early hours,
And odours fresh from India, with a heap
Of many-colour'd poppies:—Lo! we keep
Our silent watch for thee, sitting before
Thy ready altars, till to our lone shore
Thy chariot wheels
Shall come, while ocean to the burden reels,
And utters to the sky a stifled roar!

TO SPRING.

O thou, delicious Spring!
Nursed in the lap of thin and subtle showers,
Which fall from clouds that lift their snowy wing
From odorous beds of light-enfolded flowers,
And from enmassed bowers,
That over grassy walks their greenness fling,—
Come, gentle Spring!

Thou lover of young wind,
That cometh from the invisible upper sea
Beneath the sky, which clouds, its white foam, bind,
And, settling in the trees deliciously,
Makes young leaves dance with glee,
Even in the teeth of that old, sober hind,
Winter unkind,—

Come to us: for thou art
Like the fine love of children, gentle Spring!
Touching the sacred feeling of the heart,
Or like a virgin's pleasant welcoming;
And thou dost ever bring
A tide of gentle but resistless art
Upon the heart.

Red Autumn from the South
Contends with thee; alas! what may he show?
What are his purple-stain'd and rosy mouth
And browned cheeks to thy soft feet of snow,
And timid, pleasant glow,
Giving earth-piercing flowers their primal growth,
And greenest youth?

Gay Summer conquers thee,
And yet he has no beauty such as thine:
What is his ever-streaming fiery sea,
To the pure glory that with thee doth shine?
Thou season most divine!
What may his dull and lifeless minstrelsy
Compare with thee?

Come, sit upon the hills,
And bid the waking streams leap down their side,
And green the vales with their slight-sounding rills!
And when the stars upon the sky shall glide,
And crescent Dian ride,
I too will breathe of thy delicious thrills,
On grassy hills.

Alas! bright Spring! not long
Shall I enjoy thy pleasant influence:
For thou shalt die the summer heat among,
Sublimed to vapour in his fire intense,
And, gone forever hence,
Exists no more; no more to earth belong,
Except in song.

So I who sing shall die:
Worn unto death, perchance, by care and sorrow;
And, fainting thus with an unconscious sigh,
Bid unto this poor body a good-morrow—
Which now sometime I borrow,
And breathe of joyance keener and more high,
Ceasing to sigh!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

Born 1809—died 1849.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE, upon a midnight dreary,
While I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door:
"'Tis some visitor"—I mutter'd—
"Tapping at my chamber door,—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember—
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wish'd the morrow;
Vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating—
"'Tis some visitor intreating
Entrance at my chamber door,—
Some late visitor intreating
Entrance at my chamber door,—
This it is, and nothing more."

* See Note 17.

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir!" said I—"or Madam! truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you;"—
Here I open'd wide the door!
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whispered word—"Lenore!"
This I whisper'd, and an echo
Murmur'd back the word—"Lenore!"—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping
Somewhat louder than before:
"Surely"— said I—"surely that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is
And this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately Raven
Of the saintly days of yore;

Not the least obeisance made he;
Not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perch'd above my chamber door—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door—
Perch'd, and sat,—and nothing more.

Then, this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,—
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou"—I said—"art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven
Wandering from the nightly shore!
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore!"

Much I marvel'd this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning,
Little relevancy bore:
For we can not help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing
Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above this chamber door—
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely
On the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
That one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he utter'd,
Not a feather then he flutter'd;
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd—

"Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow he will leave me
As my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said—"Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless"—said I—"what it utters
Is its only stock and store,—
Caught from some unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster,
Till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope the
Melancholy burden bore
Of *Nevermore!*—of *Nevermore!*"

But, the Raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushioned seat in
Front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore,—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now
Burn'd into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o'er,—
But whose velvet violet lining,
With the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls
Tinkled on the tufted floor:
"Wretch!" I cried—"thy God hath lent thee,
By these angels He hath sent thee,
Respite—respite and nepenthe—
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I—"thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether
Tempest toss'd thee here ashore,—
Desolate, yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted—
Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?
Tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I—"thing of evil—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—
By that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If within the distant Aidenn
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore,—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting,—
"Get thee back into the tempest
And the night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart,
And take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven—"Nevermore!"

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamplight, o'er him streaming,
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
O, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,—
Of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
In the clamor and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah! the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the sobbing of the bells,—
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in your brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche! from the regions which
Are holy land.

SARAH MARGARET FULLER (OSSOLI).

Born at Cambridge, Mass: 1810—died 1850.

THE TEMPLE OF LIFE.

THE temple round
Spread green the pleasant ground;
The fair colonnade
Be of pure marble pillars made,—
Strong to sustain the roof,
Time and tempest proof,
Yet, amidst which, the lightest breeze
Can play as it please;
The audience hall
Be free to all
Who revere
The Power worshipp'd here,
Sole guide of youth—
Unswerving Truth:
In the inmost shrine
Stands the image divine,
Only seen
By those whose deeds have worthy been,—
Priestlike clean.
Those, who initiated are,
Declare,
As the hours
Usher in varying hopes and powers,

It changes its face,
It changes its age,—
Now a young beaming Grace,
Now Nestorian Sage:
But, to the pure in heart,
This shape of primal art
In age is fair,
In youth seems wise,—
Beyond compare,
Above surprise.
What it teaches native seems,
Its new lore our ancient dreams;
Incense rises from the ground,
Music flows around;
Firm rest the feet below, clear gaze the eyes above,
When Truth to point the way through life assumes the wand of Love;
But, if she cast aside the robe of green,
Winter's silver sheen,
White, pure as light,
Makes gentle shroud as worthy weed as bridal robe had been.

RALPH HOYT.

Born in New York City 1810.

OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I mark'd him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing:
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone!

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimm'd hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimp'd cravat,—
Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding:
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimm'd hat.

Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care:
Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,—
Dapper country lads and little maidens;
Taught the motto of the "dunce's stool,"
Its grave import still my fancy ladens:
"Here's a fool!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seem'd to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted;
I remember well, too well, that day:
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
Would not stay,
When the stranger seem'd to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell,—
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell:
(I was then thirteen and she eleven)
Isabel!—
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel! said he sadly,—I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told.
Then his eye betray'd a pearl of sorrow;
Down it roll'd!
Angel! said he sadly,—I am old.

I have totter'd here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core:
I have totter'd here to look once more.

All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

Old stone school-house!—it is still the same:
There's the very step I so oft mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame;
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game:
Old stone school-house!—it is still the same.

In the cottage, yonder, I was born;
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn;
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling:
Ah, forlorn!—
In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

Those two gateway sycamores you see
Then were planted just so far asunder,
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the waggon to pass safely under:
Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.

There's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather:
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb.

There the rude, three-corner'd chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising:
Traps and trails!
There the rude, three-corner'd chestnut rails.

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond, and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing:
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

There's the gate on which I used to swing;
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But alas! no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table:
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing.

I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said
When around it Jane and I were straying:
She is dead!
I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.

Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high:
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
Sire and sisters and my little brother
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways:
Bless the holy lesson!—but ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise—
Those sweet voices—silent now forever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

There my Mary blest me with her hand
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing:
Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipp'd, in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core:
I have come to see that grave once more.

Angel! said he sadly,—I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told.
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,—
Down it roll'd!
Angel! said he sadly,—I am old.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I mark'd him sitting there alone,
All the landscape, like a page, perusing:
Poor, unknown!
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

ALFRED BILLINGS STREET.

Born at Poughkeepsie, New York, 1811.

INDIAN SUMMER.

How quietly the year,
Beneath this soft-eyed season's gentle sway,
Falls in its full maturity away
On winter's frozen bier!
Like sunset gathering to its twilight close
Or old age sinking to its last repose.

When first broke morning's light,
Volumes of fog a feathery ocean roll'd,
The woods loom'd glimmering from the misty fold,
Dimly the mountain's height
Seem'd struggling in the thick and mantling screen,
And the bird sang and streamlet play'd unseen.

The mist has clear'd away;
O'erhead the mild sun glows, a redden'd ball,
And on the earth his placid glances fall,
While tranquil, meek, and gray,
The sky spreads, shaded with its fleece of cloud,
And azure glimpses breaking from the shroud.

The hill slopes soft and calm,
The fields still basking in the noontide light;
All seem my wandering footsteps to invite;
And, with the south-wind's balm
Fanning in pure fresh kisses on my brow,
My path is 'mid their haunts of quiet now.

Across the meadow sear,
And up the mount-side where the sumachs spread
Their downy branches tipp'd with clusters red,
And what a sight is here,—
Arch'd but by sky, and smiling in the ray
Of the warm quiet Indian Summer day:

The wood-spots dark and deep,
The upland vista, and the leaning hill,
The lake below—pure polish'd as a rill,
The sky in peaceful sleep,
The far-off mountains like piled smoke-wreaths bright,
And valleys melting in rich purple light.

Late glow'd a different scene,
When the chill air had sent its frosty showers:
The forests, burst to myriad gorgeous flowers,
Changed from their summer green,
The blue morn show'd; while far and wide a blaze
Of differing splendours met the wondering gaze.

Within the sunny air
The foliage glitter'd to the wind's soft sigh,
Shone the lake's bosom like a sunset sky,
Beneath the glories there,
And where the mountains fired the heavens it seem'd
As though gigantic piles of jewels beamed:

And, in the rainbow woods,
Here was a fairy canopy unroll'd
Of sumptuous crimson blent with brilliant gold,
There the gemm'd solitudes
Form'd purple arches, bowers of every dye,
With opals shower'd on opals to the sky.

The storm then gather'd o'er
With its chill rain, and with its rushing blast;
Upon the gusts their robes the mountains cast,
The wild lake sent its roar,
The pine hiss'd fiercely, and the forests woke
Their thunderings as the wind-surge on them broke.

But, like an infant's rest,
Field, valley, hill, and wood, seem dreaming now
In a light glimmering film of purple glow,
And on the lake's smooth breast
The mist-wreaths sleep, or slowly curl across
As the breeze sportive darkens o'er its gloss.

With murmurs like a flute,
The streamlet glitters through the alder-sprays
In meteor sparkles or in broken rays,
Then on its ripples shoot,
In braided gushes, bending the long grass
And green fern-fringes bathed within their glass.

Along the forest way
I tread; the soft wind from the pine creeps down
And rustles in the beechen thicket brown,
Then whirls in eddying play
The wither'd leaves, strown idly, rattling fast,
As showering falls the ripen'd sylvan mast.

The deer glides shadowy by,
The rabbit springs before me wing'd with dread,
The squirrel leaves the strew'd nuts where it fed—
With a low chirping cry,
And the quick flicker like a checker'd speck,
Climbs the moss'd oak and taps with darting neck.

The air—how calm and still!
Each gentle sound comes sweetly to my ear,—
The falling nut, the bee-wing's music near,
The purling of the rill,
The chirp of bird, the sighing of the breeze,
And the far axe-blow echoing through the trees.

With what a feeling deep
Does Nature speak to us! Oh, how divine
The flame that glows on her eternal shrine!
What knowledge can we reap
From her great pages if we read aright!
Through her God shows His wisdom and His might.

The visions of our youth!
Bright as the autumn foliage are they found,
Robed in their glittering rainbows, all around,
Radiant in seeming truth,
Luring us onward, with their treacherous glow,
And brightening lovelier, swifter as they go.

Then comes the threatening cloud;
Despair seems blackening in our adverse sky;
Frail as the leaves our brilliant visions die;
And, where once brightly glow'd
Fancy's enchanted Eden, nought appears
But a wide waste of sorrow and of tears.

But when our youth is past,
With its vain visions and its storms, serene
As yon mild sky, and peaceful as this scene,
Contentment smiles at last
Upon our way, and glorious hopes are given
To light our path, whose native home is heaven.

SPEARING.

THE lake's gold and purple have vanish'd from sight,
The glimmer of twilight is merged into night,
The woods on the borders in blackness are mass'd,
The waters in motionless ebony glass'd,
The stars that first spangle the pearl of the west
Are lost in the bright blazing crowds of the rest;
Light the torch!—launch the boat!—for to-night we are here,
The salmon, the quick-darting salmon, to spear.

We urge our light craft by the push of the oar
Through the serpent-like stems of the lilies near shore,
And turn the sharp prow at yon crescent-shaped cove,
Made black by the down-hanging boughs of its grove;
The meek eddy-gurgle that whirls at our dip,
Sounds low as the wine-bead which bursts on the lip;
On the lake, from the flame of our torch, we behold
A pyramid pictured in spangles of gold,
And the marble-like depths on each side of the blaze
Are full of dark sparkles, far in as we gaze;
The loon from his nook in the bank, sends a cry;
The night-hawk darts down, with a rush, through the sky;
In gutturals hoarse, on his green slimy log,
To his shrill piping tribe, croaks the patriarch frog;
And bleat, low, and bark, from the banks, mingle faint
With the anchorite whip-poor-will's mournful complaint.
We glide in the cove; let the torch be flared low!
The spot where our victim is lurking, 'twill show;
'Midst the twigs of this dead sunken tree-top he lies,—
Poise, comrade! your spear,—or farewell to our prize!
It darts; to the blow his best efforts are bent,—
A white bubbling streak shows its rapid descent;
He grasps it as upward it shoots through the air,
Three cheers for our luck!—the barb'd victim is there!
Give way, boys! give way, boys! our prow points to shore
Give way, boys! give way, boys! our labour is o'er.
As the black mass of forest our torch-light receives,
It breaks into groups of trunks, branches, and leaves:

Low perch'd on the hemlock, we've blinded with light
Yon gray-headed owl!—see him flutter from sight!
And the orator frog, as we glide with our glow,
Stops his speech with a groan, and dives splashing below,
One long and strong pull!—the prow grates on the sand;
Three cheers for our luck, boys! as spring we to land.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

Born at Alexandria, near Washington, D.C., 1813.

WRITTEN AT SORRENTO.

THE wild waves madly dash and roar,
In thunder-throbs, upon the beach;
Their broad white hands upon the shore
They struggle evermore to reach.

Up through the cavernous rocks amain,
With short, hoarse growl, they plunge and leap,
Like an arm'd host, again and again,
Battering some castellated steep.

Great pulses of the ocean heart,
Beating from out immensity!
What mystic news would ye impart
From the great spirit of the sea?

Ever, in still increasing force,
Earnest as cries of love or hate,
Your large and eloquent discourse
Is mighty as the march of fate.

I sit alone on the glowing sand,
Fill'd with the music of your speech,
And only half may understand
The wondrous lore that ye would teach.

The sea-weed and the shells are wise,
And versed in your broad Sanscrit tongue;

The rocks need not our ears and eyes
To comprehend the under-song.

The ocean and the shore are one;
The rocks and trees that hang above,
The birds and insects in the sun,
Are link'd in one strong tie of love.

Would that I might with freedom be
A seer into your hidden truth,
Joining your firm fraternity,
To drink with you perpetual youth!

THE HOURS.

The Hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high.

And we, who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
See not that they are hovering
For ever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees, that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,—
Those viewless Angel-Hours.

The poison or the nectar
The heart's deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some flit by on pinions
Of joyous gold and blue,
And some flag on with drooping wings
Of sorrow's darker hue.

But still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission-flight by day or night
No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne,
The tale is told in heaven.

These bee-like Hours we see not,
Nor hear their noiseless wings;
We only feel, too oft, when flown,
That they have left their stings.

So, teach me, Heavenly Father,
To meet each flying Hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poison-flower!

So, when death brings its shadows,
The Hours that linger last
Shall bear my hopes on angel-wings,
Unfetter'd by the past.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

Born at Boston, Mass: 1813—died 1871.

TO AN ELM.

BRAVELY thy old arms fling
Their countless pennons to the fields of air,
And, like a sylvan king,
Their panoply of green still proudly wear.

As some rude tower of old,
Thy massive trunk still rears its rugged form,
With limbs of giant mould,
To battle sternly with the winter storm.

In Nature's mighty fane,
Thou art the noblest arch beneath the sky;
How long the pilgrim train
That with a benison have pass'd thee by!

Lone patriarch of the wood!
Like a true spirit thou dost freely rise,
Of fresh and dauntless mood,
Spreading thy branches to the open skies.

The locust knows thee well;
And when the summer-days his notes prolong,
Hid in some leafy cell,
Pours from thy world of green his drowsy song.

Oft, on a morn in spring,
The yellow-bird will seek thy waving spray,
And there securely swing,
To whet his beak, and pour his blithesome lay.

How bursts thy monarch wail,
When sleeps the pulse of Nature's buoyant life,
And, bared to meet the gale,
Wave thy old branches, eager for the strife!

The sunset often weaves
Upon thy crest a wreath of splendour rare,
While the fresh-murmuring leaves
Fill with cool sound the evening's sultry air.

Sacred thy roof of green
To rustic dance and childhood's gambols free!
Gay youth and age serene
Turn with familiar gladness unto thee.

O, hither should we roam,
To hear Truth's herald in the lofty shade;
Beneath thy emerald dome
Might Freedom's champion fitly draw his blade.

With blessings at thy feet,
Falls the worn peasant to his noontide rest;

Thy verdant, calm retreat
Inspires the sad and soothes the troubled breast.

When, at the twilight hour,
Plays through thy tressil crown the sun's last gleam,
Under thy ancient bower
The schoolboy comes to sport, the bard to dream.

And when the moonbeams fall
Through thy broad canopy upon the grass,
Making a fairy hall,
As o'er the sward the flitting shadows pass,—

Then lovers haste to thee,
With hearts that tremble like that shifting light,
To them, O, brave old tree!
Thou art joy's shrine—a temple of delight.

LUCY HOOPER.

Born at Newburyport, Mass: 1816—died 1841.

DEATH AND LIFE.

Not unto thee, oh! pale and radiant Death!
Not unto thee, though every hope be past,
Though Life's first, sweetest stars may shine no more,
Nor Earth again one cherish'd dream restore,
Or from the bright urn of the future cast
Aught, aught of joy on me:

Yet unto thee, oh! monarch robed and crown'd,
And beautiful in all thy sad array!
I bring no incense. Though the heart be chill,
And to the eyes, that tears alone may fill,
Shines not as once the wonted light of day,
Still, still upon another shrine my vows

Shall all be duly paid; and though thy voice
Is full of music to the pining heart,
And woos one to that pillow of calm rest,
Where all Life's dull and restless thoughts depart,
Still, not to thee, oh Death!

I pay my vows. Though now to me thy brow
Seems crown'd with roses of the summer prime
And to the aching sense thy voice would be,
Oh Death! oh Death! of softest melody,
And gentle ministries alone were thine,
Still I implore thee not.

But thou, oh Life! oh Life! the searching test
Of the weak heart! to thee, to thee I bow;
And if the fire upon the altar shrine
Descend and scathe each glowing hope of mine,
Still may my heart as now
Turn not from that dread test.

But let me pay my vows to thee, oh Life!
And let me hope that from that glowing fire
There yet may be redeem'd a gold more pure
And bright, and eagle thoughts to mount and soar
Their flight the higher,
Released from earthly hope, or earthly fear.

This, this, oh Life! be mine.
Let others strive thy glowing wreaths to bind,
Let others seek thy false and dazzling gleams,—
For me their light went out on early streams,
And faded were thy roses in my grasp,
No more, no more to bloom.

Yet as the stars, the holy stars of night,
Shine out when all is dark,
So would I, cheer'd by hopes more purely bright,
Tread still the thorny path whose close is light,
If but at last the toss'd and weary barque
Gain the sure haven of her final rest.

EPES SARGENT.*

Born at Gloucester, Mass: 1816—

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

THE cold blast at the casement beats,
The window-panes are white,
The snow whirls through the empty streets,—
It is a dreary night!
Sit down, old friend; the wine-cups wait
Fill to o'erflowing! fill!
Though winter howleth at the gate,
In our hearts 'tis summer still!

For we full many summer joys
And greenwood sports have shared,
When, free and ever-roving boys,
The rocks, the streams we dared!
And, as I look upon thy face,—
Back, back o'er years of ill,—
My heart flies to that happy place,
Where it is summer still!

Yes! though, like sere leaves on the ground
Our early hopes are strown,
And cherish'd flowers lie dead around,
And singing birds are flown,—
The verdure is not faded quite,
Not mute all tones that thrill,
For seeing, hearing thee to-night,
In my heart 'tis summer still!

Fill up! the olden times come back
With light and life once more:
We scan the future's sunny track,
From youth's enchanted shore:
The lost return. Through fields of bloom
We wander at our will;
Gone is the winter's angry gloom:
In our hearts 'tis summer still!

* See Note 18.

O YE KEEN BREEZES.

O YE keen breezes from the salt Atlantic,
Which to the beach where memory loves to wander,
On your strong pinions waft reviving coolness,
Bend your course hither!

For, in the surf ye scatter'd to the sunshine,
Did we not sport together in my boyhood,
Screaming for joy amid the flashing breakers,
O rude companions?

Then to the meadows beautiful and fragrant,
Where the coy Spring beholds her earliest verdure
Brighten with smiles that rugged sea-side hamlet,
How would we hasten!

There under elm-trees affluent in foliage,
High o'er whose summit hover'd the sea-eagle,
Through the hot, glaring noontide have we rested
After our gambols.

Vainly the sailor call'd you from your slumber:
Like a glazed pavement shone the level ocean;
While, with the snow-white canvas idly drooping,
Stood the tall vessels.

And when, at length, exulting ye awaken'd,
Rush'd to the beach, and plough'd the liquid acres,
How have I chased you through the shiver'd billows,
In my frail shallop!

Playmates, old playmates, hear my invocation!
In the close town I waste this golden summer,
Where piercing cries and sounds of wheels in motion
Ceaselessly mingle.

When shall I feel your breath upon my forehead?
When shall I hear you in the elm-trees' branches?
When shall we wrestle in the briny surges,
Friends of my boyhood?

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

Born at Fryeburg, Maine, 1816—

A SNOW-STORM IN VERMONT.

I.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard, like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea;
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky from south to north
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

II.

All day had the snow come down,—all day,
As it never came down before;
And over the hills at sunset lay
Some two or three feet, or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows block'd, and the well-curbs gone;
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift;
And the woodpile look'd like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill;
And the Norther!—See! on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain—Ho—ho! ho—ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will.

III.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,—
Sits a shivering dog in the field by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair!

He shuts his eyes to the wind, and growls;
He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
Then crouching low from the cutting sleet,
His nose is press'd on his quivering feet:—
Pray, what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,
But he lost the travell'd way;
And for hours he trod, with might and main,
A path for his horse and sleigh.
But colder still the cold wind blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles flounder'd down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight;
His hands were numb, and had lost their might;
So he wallow'd back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

IV.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein
To rouse up his dying steed,
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain,
For help in his master's need;
For a while he strives, with a wistful cry,
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

V.

The wind goes down, and the storm is o'er:
'Tis the hour of midnight,—past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
In the whirl of the rushing blast;

The silent moon, with her peaceful light,
Looks down on the hills with snow all white;
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead, by the hidden log,
Are they who came from the town:
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown:—
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head, and the reins in his hand,—
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,—
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she flounder'd down.

THE FARMER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place:
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye—
"Don't smoke"— said the child; "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretch'd out on the floor
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the manteltree
Had plodded along to almost three:

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moisten'd brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were press'd;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day.

DIRGE.

Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to Heaven has past.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Born at Highgate, Vermont, 1816—

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approach'd the Elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried—"Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear,
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approach'd the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see"—quoth he—"the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reach'd out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain"—quoth he,—
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said—"E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Then, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see"—quoth he,—"the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
  Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
  Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
  And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars
  The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
  Of what each other mean;
And prate about an Elephant
  Not one of them has seen!

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away,
  My nights are blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay,
  I have no cause to mourn nor weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
  My friends are neither false nor cold:
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
    "I'm growing old."

My growing talk of olden times,
  My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
  My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
  My growing fear of taking cold:
All whisper, in the plainest voice,—
    I'm growing old.

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
  I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
  I'm growing deeper in my sighs,

I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing,—yes!
I'm growing old.

I see it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old.

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the Hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the Years.
E'en Flattery's honey'd words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tell me, in "How young you are!"—
I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings!
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings!
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold
Where all are blest, and none may sigh—
"I'm growing old!"

KISS ME SOFTLY.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low,
Malice has ever a vigilant ear:
What if Malice were lurking near?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low,—
Envy too has a watchful ear:
What if Envy should chance to hear?
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low:
Trust me, darling, the time is near.
When lovers may love with never a fear,—
Kiss me, dear!
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

ROBERT TRAIL SPENCE LOWELL,

Born at Boston, Mass: 1816—

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all work'd on:
It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh"—she said—
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke:

"*The Highlanders!* Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa'—
The McGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonny Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Pour'd forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men;
And they started, for they were there to die:
Was life so near them then?

They listen'd, for life; and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all;—and the colonel shook his head,
And they turn'd to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said—"That slogan's dune;
But can ye no hear them, noo,—
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
Our succours hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;

So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they play'd "*Auld Lang Syne:*"
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobb'd in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thank'd God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the General took her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
For the pipes play'd "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

LOVE DISPOSED OF.

HERE goes Love! Now cut him clear,
A weight about his neck:
If he linger longer here,
Our ship will be a wreck.
Overboard! Overboard!
Down let him go!
In the deep he may sleep,
Where the corals grow.

He said he'd woo the gentle breeze,
A bright tear in her eye;
But she was false or hard to please,
Or he has told a lie.
Overboard! overboard!
Down in the sea
He may find a truer mind
Where the mermaids be.

He sang us many a merry song
While the breeze was kind:
But he has been lamenting long
The falseness of the wind.
Overboard! overboard!
Under the wave
Let him sing where smooth shells ring
In the ocean's cave!

He may struggle; he may weep;
We'll be stern and cold;
His grief will find, within the deep,
More tears than can be told.
He has gone overboard!
We will float on;
We shall find a truer wind
Now that he is gone.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Born at Boston, Mass: 1817—died 1862.

INSPIRATION.

If with light head erect I sing,
Though all the Muses lend their force,
From my poor love of any thing,
The verse is weak and shallow as its source.

But if with bended neck I grope,
Listening behind me for my wit,
With faith superior to hope,
More anxious to keep back than forward it;

Making my soul accomplice there
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,
Then will the verse for ever wear,—
Time cannot bend the line which God has writ.

I hearing get, who had but ears,
And sight, who had but eyes before;
I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life:
Of manhood's strength it is the flower,
'Tis peace's end, and war's beginning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon,
By a gray wall, or some chance place,
Unseasoning time, insulting June,
And vexing day with its presuming face.

I will not doubt the love untold
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,
Which woo'd me young, and woo'd me old,
And to this evening hath me brought.

UPON THE BEACH.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 'tis and scrupulous care
To set my gains beyond the reach of tides,—
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore,—
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sail'd o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
  Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
  And I converse with many a shipwreck'd crew.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.*

Born at Boston, Mass: 1818—

THE FLIGHT OF THE WILD GEESE.

Rambling along the marshes,
On the bank of the Assabett,
Sounding myself as to how it went,
Praying that I might not forget,
And all uncertain
Whether I was in the right,
Toiling to lift Time's curtain,
And if I burnt the strongest light,—
Suddenly,
High in the air,
I heard the travel'd geese
Their overture prepare.

Stirr'd above the patcht ball,
The wild geese flew,
Nor near so wild as that doth me befall,
Or, swollen Wisdom! you.

In the front there fetch'd a leader,
Him behind the line spread out,
And waved about,
As it was near night,
When these air-pilots stop their flight.

Cruising off the shoal dominion
Where we sit;
Depending not on their opinion,
Nor hiving sops of wit;

* See Note 19.

Geographical in tact,
Naming not a pond or river;
Pull'd with twilight down, in fact,
In the reeds to quack and quiver;—
There they go,
Spectators at the play below,
Southward in a row.

Cannot laud and map the stars
The indifferent geese;
Nor taste the sweetmeats in odd jars;
Nor speculate and freeze;
Rancid weasands need be well,
Feathers glossy, quills in order;
Starts this train, yet rings no bell,—
Steam is raised without recorder.

"Up, my feather'd fowl! all!"
Saith the goose commander;
"Brighten your bills, and flirt your pinions,
My toes are nipp'd—let us render
Ourselves in soft Guatemala,
Or suck puddles in Campeachy;
Spitzbergen-cake cuts very frosty,
And the tipple is not leechy!

"Let's brush loose for any creek,
There lurk fish and fly,
Condiments to fat the weak,
Inundate the pie.
Flutter not about a place,
Ye concomitants of space!"

Mute the listening nations stand
On that dark receding land;
How faint their villages and towns,
Scatter'd on the misty downs!
A meeting-house
Appears no bigger than a mouse!

How long?—
Never is a question ask'd,
While a throat can lift the song,
Or a flapping wing be task'd.

All the grandmothers about
Hear the orators of heaven;
Then put on their woollens stout,
And cower o'er the hearth at even;
And the children stare at the sky,
And laugh to see the long black line so high!

Thence once more I heard them say,—
"'Tis a smooth, delightful road;
Difficult to lose the way,
And a trifle for a load."

'Twas our forte to pass, for this
Proper sack of sense to borrow
Wings and legs, and bills that clatter,
And the horizon of To-morrow.

TO MY COMPANIONS.

Ye heavy-hearted mariners
Who sail this shore!
Ye patient, ye who labour
Sitting at the sweeping oar,
And see afar the flashing sea-gulls play
On the free waters, and the glad bright day
Twine with his hand the spray!
From out your dreariness,
From your heart weariness,
I speak, for I am yours
On these gray shores.

Nay, nay, I know not, mariners!
What cliffs they are,
That high uplift their smooth dark fronts,
And sadly round us bar;

I do imagine that the free clouds play
Above those eminent heights, that somewhere Day
Rides his triumphant way,
And hath secure dominion
Over our stern oblivion,—
But see no path thereout
To free from doubt.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

Born at Mendham, New Jersey, 1818—

*THE OLD ABBEYS.**

Ye abbeys and ye arches!
How few and far between
The remnants of your glory
In all their pride are seen;
A thousand fanes are fallen,
And the bat and owl repose
Where once the people knelt them,
And the high Te Deum rose.

But their dust and stones are precious
In the eyes of pious men,
And the baron hath his manor,
And the king his own again!
And again the bells are ringing
With a free and happy sound,
And again Te Deum riseth
In all the churches round.

Now, pray ye for our mother,
That England long may be,
The holy, and the happy,
And the gloriously free!
Who blesseth her is blessed!
So peace be in her walls;
And joy in all her palaces,
And cottages and halls!

* See Note 20.

All ye, who pray in English,
Pray God for England, pray!
And chiefly, thou, my country,
In thy young glory's day!
Pray God those times return not,
'Tis England's hour of need!
Pray for thy mother, daughter!
Plead God for England, plead!

THOMAS HILL.

Born at New Brunswick, in New Jersey, 1818–

THE BOBOLINK.

Bobolink! that in the meadow,
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
Keepest up a constant rattle,
Joyous as my children's prattle,
Welcome to the north again!
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
Welcome to mine eye the sight
Of thy buff, thy black and white!
Brighter plumes may greet the sun
By the banks of Amazon;
Sweeter tones may weave the spell
Of enchanting Philomel;
But the tropic bird would fail,
And the English nightingale,
If we should compare their worth
With thy endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,
June and summer nearing fast,
While from depths of blue above
Comes the mighty breath of love,
Calling out each bud and flower
With resistless, secret power,—
Waking hope and fond desire,
Kindling the erotic fire,—

Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
With mysterious, pleasing themes,—
Then, amid the sunlight clear
Floating in the fragrant air,
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low,
Like a full heart's overflow,
Forms the prelude; but the strain
Gives us no such tone again,
For the wild and saucy song
Leaps and skips the notes among,
With such quick and sportive play,
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the Spring!
Thy melodies before me bring
Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fann'd,
I might walk the livelong day,
Embosom'd in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows;
For thee a tempest never blows;
But when our northern Summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore
The wild rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread.
And when the winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more Southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taints of sadness;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In Summer, Winter, Fall and Spring.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Born at Cambridge, Mass: 1819—

RHŒCUS.

God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race.
Therefore each form of worship that hath sway'd
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge—reverence,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
The slothful down of pamper'd ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coin'd,
To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel-twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.
For, as in nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning, which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit: so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashion'd for a solace to itself,
To make its inspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of Falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light
And earnest parables of inward lore.
Hear now this fairy legend of old Greece,
As full of freedom, youth, and beauty still

As the immortal freshness of that grace
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

A youth named Rhœcus, wandering in the wood,
Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall;
And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
He propp'd its gray trunk with admiring care,
And with a thoughtless footstep loiter'd on.
But, as he turn'd, he heard a voice behind
That murmur'd—"Rhœcus!" 'Twas as if the leaves,
Stirr'd by a passing breath, had murmur'd it;
And, while he paused bewilder'd, yet again
It murmur'd—"Rhœcus!" softer than a breeze.
He started and beheld with dizzy eyes
What seem'd the substance of a happy dream
Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow
Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.
It seem'd a woman's shape, yet all too fair
To be a woman, and with eyes too meek
For any that were wont to mate with gods.
All naked like a goddess stood she there,
And like a goddess all too beautiful
To feel the guilt-born earthliness of shame.
"Rhœcus! I am the Dryad of this tree"—
Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words,
Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew—
"And with it I am doom'd to live and die;
The rain and sunshine are my caterers,
Nor have I other bliss than simple life;
Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,
And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhœcus with a flutter at the heart,
Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,
Answer'd—"What is there that can satisfy
The endless craving of the soul but love?
Give me thy love, or but the hope of that
Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."
After a little pause she said again,
But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone—

"I give it, Rhœcus, though a perilous gift;—
An hour before the sunset meet me here!"
And straightway there was nothing he could see
But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak;
And not a sound came to his straining ears
But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,
And, far away upon an emerald slope,
The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness and faith,
Men did not think that happy things were dreams
Because they overstepped the narrow bourne
Of likelihood, but reverently deem'd
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
So Rhœcus made no doubt that he was blest;
And all along unto the city's gate
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walk'd;
The clear, broad sky looked bluer than its wont,
And he could scarce believe he had not wings,—
Such sunshine seem'd to glitter through his veins
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful heart enough,
But one that in the present dwelt too much,
And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoe'er
Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that;
Like the contented peasant of a vale,
Deem'd it the world, and never look'd beyond.
So, haply meeting in the afternoon
Some comrades who were playing at the dice,
He joined them and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,
And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry luck,
Just laugh'd in triumph at a happy throw,
When through the room there humm'd a yellow bee
That buzz'd about his ear with down-dropp'd legs,
As if to light. And Rhœcus laugh'd and said,
Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,

"By Venus! does he take me for a rose?"
And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand,
But still the bee came back, and thrice again,
Rhœcus did beat him off with growing wrath.
Then through the window flew the wounded bee;
And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly
Against the red disc of the setting sun,—
And instantly the blood sank from his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turn'd, and rushing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the woods' long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,
Darken'd well-nigh unto the city's wall.

Quite spent and out of breath, he reach'd the tree;
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur—"Rhœcus!" close at hand:
Whereat he look'd around him, but could see
Nought but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.
Then sigh'd the voice—"O, Rhœcus! never more
Shalt thou behold me, or by day or night,—
Me, who would fain have blest thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet
Fill'd up with nectar any mortal heart;
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,
And sent'st him back to me with bruisèd wings.
We spirits only show to gentle eyes,—
We ever ask an undivided love;
And he who scorns the least of Nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."

Then Rhœcus beat his breast, and groan'd aloud,
And cried—"Be pitiful! forgive me yet
This once, and I shall never need it more!"
"Alas!" the voice return'd—"'tis thou art blind,
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's eyes;

Only the soul hath power o'er itself."
With that again there murmur'd "Nevermore!"
And Rhœcus after heard no other sound,
Except the rattling of the oak's crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant shore
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and down.
The night had gather'd round him; o'er the plain
The city sparkled with its thousand lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear
Harshly and like a curse; above, the sky,
With all its bright sublimity of stars,
Deepen'd, and on his forehead smote the breeze;
Beauty was all around him, and delight;
But from that eve he was alone on earth.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like,
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,—
Happy at midnight
Happy by day;—

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;—

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;—

Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame,—
Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;—

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,—
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;—

Glorious fountain!
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward, like thee!

THE FALCON.

I KNOW a falcon swift and peerless
  As e'er was cradled in the pine;
No bird had ever eye so fearless,
  Or wing so strong as this of mine.

The winds not better love to pilot
  A cloud with molten gold o'errun,
Than him, a little burning islet,
  A star above the coming sun.

For with a lark's heart he doth tower,
  By a glorious, upward instinct drawn
No bee nestles deeper in the flower
  Than he in the bursting rose of dawn.

No harmless dove, no bird that singeth,
  Shudders to see him overhead;
The rush of his fierce swooping bringeth
  To innocent hearts no thrill of dread.

Let fraud and wrong and baseness shiver,
  For still between them and the sky
The falcon Truth hangs poised for ever,
  And marks them with his vengeful eye.

HUNGER AND COLD.

SISTERS two! all praise to you,
With your faces pinch'd and blue;
To the poor man you've been true
From of old:
You can speak the keenest word,
You are sure of being heard,
From the point you're never stirr'd,—
Hunger and Cold!

Let sleek statesmen temporize,—
Palsied are their shifts and lies
When they meet your bloodshot eyes,
Grim and bold;
Policy you set at naught,
In their traps you'll not be caught,
You're too honest to be bought,—
Hunger and Cold!

Bolt and bar the palace-door!
While the mass of men are poor,
Naked truth grows more and more
Uncontroll'd;
You had never yet, I guess,
Any praise for bashfulness,
You can visit sans court-dress,—
Hunger and Cold!

While the music fell and rose,
And the dance reel'd to its close,
Where her round of costly woes
Fashion stroll'd,
I beheld with shuddering fear
Wolves' eyes through the windows peer;
Little dream they you are near,—
Hunger and Cold!

When the toiler's heart you clutch,
Conscience is not valued much,
He recks not a bloody smutch
On his gold:
Every thing to you defers,
You are potent reasoners,
At your whisper Treason stirs,—
Hunger and Cold!

Rude comparisons you draw,
Words refuse to sate your maw,
Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law
Cannot hold;
You're not clogg'd with foolish pride,
But can seize a right denied;
Somehow God is on your side,—
Hunger and Cold!

You respect no hoary wrong
More for having triumph'd long;
Its past victims, haggard throng,
From the mould
You unbury; swords and spears
Weaker are than poor men's tears,
Weaker than your silent years,—
Hunger and Cold.

Let them guard both hall and bower;
Through the window you will glower,
Patient till your reckoning hour
Shall be toll'd;
Cheeks are pale, but hands are red,
Guiltless blood may chance be shed,
But ye must and will be fed,—
Hunger and Cold!

God has plans man must not spoil,—
Some were made to starve and toil,
Some to share the wine and oil,
We are told;

Devil's theories are these,
Stifling hope and love and peace,
Framed your hideous lusts to please,—
Hunger and Cold!

Scatter ashes on thy head,
Tears of burning sorrow shed,
Earth! and be by Pity led
To Love's fold:
Ere they block the very door
With lean corpses of the poor,
And will hush for naught but gore,
Hunger and Cold!

HEBE.

I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bow'd my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on,—by sweet degrees,
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those graces were that seem'd grim fates;
With nearer love the sky lean'd o'er me;
The long-sought secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimm'd bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover,
I sprang the proffer'd life to clasp:
The beaker fell, the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up;
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can Summer fill the icy cup
Whose treacherous crystal is but Winter's?

O spendthrift haste! Await the gods;
Their nectar crowns the lips of Patience.
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honour!

TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower! that growest beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoy'd that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offer'd wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givèst me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirass'd bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His conquer'd Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind,—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap,—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are link'd with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listen'd as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him, o'course,—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?)
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides that give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself;
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;
What did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees ' wut's right an' wut aint,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry*;
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies,
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum;*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an' t'other half rum.
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez he never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigg'd out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' march'd round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow.
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peek'd in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace fill'd the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
  Fetch'd back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seem'd warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she look'd full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
  Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd spark'd it with full twenty gals,
  He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curl'd maple,
The side she bresh'd felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
  She *know'd* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet

Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she look'd *some!*
She seem'd to've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heer'd a foot, an' know'd it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'iter'd on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wish'd him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one fut fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he—"I'd better call agin;"
Says she—"Think likely, Mister!"
That last word prick'd him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy;
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

YUSSOUF.

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying—"Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, call'd through all our tribes *The Good.*"

"This tent is mine"—said Yussouf—"but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertain'd his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said—"Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight:
Depart before the prying day grow bold!"

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bow'd his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing—"O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold!" said Yussouf—"for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born! for whom by day and night I yearn,—
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees.
Thou art avenged, my first-born! sleep in peace!"

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles which a bird
  Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrill'd and stirr'd:
  I only know She came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
  The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven:
  I only know She came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
  The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;
  I only know She came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
  Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;
  I only know She came and went.

O, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think She came and went.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roof'd with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were soften'd to swan's-down,
And still flutter'd down the snow.

I stood and watch'd by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying—"Father! who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I look'd at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky

That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heap'd so high.

I remember'd the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whisper'd,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling! the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kiss'd her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.*

Born at Watertown, Mass: 1821—died 1853.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

We wreath'd about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright;
Her little face look'd out beneath,
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always, from that happy time,
We call'd her by their name;
And very fitting did it seem,
For sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

* See Note 21.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue,
As turn'd her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimm'd with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretch'd plea
Clasp'd all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
Even as comes the flower,—
The last and perfect added gift
To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dew-drops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God!
That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretch'd before our eyes:
Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round;
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground.
The tender things the Winter kill'd
Renew again their birth:
But the glory of our morning
Has pass'd away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain!

But up in groves of Paradise
  Full surely we shall see
Our Morning-Glory beautiful
  Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

AN OPIUM FANTASY.

Soft hangs the opiate in the brain,
And lulling soothes the edge of pain,
Till harshest sound, far off or near,
Sings floating in its mellow sphere.

What wakes me from my heavy dream?
  Or am I still asleep?
Those long and soft vibrations seem
  A slumberous charm to keep.

The graceful play, a moment stopt,
  Distance again unrolls,
Like silver balls, that, softly dropt,
  Ring into golden bowls.

I question of the poppies red,
  The fairy flaunting band,
While I, a weed with drooping head,
  Within their phalanx stand:—

"Some airy one, with scarlet cap,
  The name unfold to me
Of this new minstrel who can lap
  Sleep in his melody!"

Bright grew their scarlet-kerchief'd heads,
  As freshening winds had blown,
And from their gently-swaying beds
  They sang in undertone:—

"Oh he is but a little owl,
  The smallest of his kin,

. Who sits beneath the midnight's cowl
And makes this airy din."

"Deceitful tongues of fiery tints!
Far more than this ye know,—
That he is your enchanted prince
Doom'd as an owl to go;—

"Nor his fond play for years hath stopt,
But nightly he unrolls
His silver balls, that, softly dropt,
Ring into golden bowls."

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

Born at Boston, Mass: 1819—

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song!
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care, and scorn, abide,—
Small friendship for the lordly throng,
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was—but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guess'd the visions came
Of Beauty, veil'd with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,—

Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe;
Which, through the wavering days of sin
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he stray'd,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hush'd monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he pray'd
The convent's charity was *rest*.

Peace dwells not here,—this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,—
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O, Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

SAINT PERAY.

When to any saint I pray,
It shall be to Saint Peray.
He alone, of all the brood,
Ever did me any good:
Many I have tried that are
Humbugs in the calendar.

On the Atlantic, *faint* and sick,
Once I pray'd Saint *Dominick:*
He was holy, sure, and wise;—
Was't not he that did devise
Auto-da-Fés and rosaries?—
But for one in my condition
This good saint was no physician.

Next, in pleasant Normandie,
I made a prayer to Saint Denis,
In the great cathedral, where
All the ancient kings repose;
But, how I was swindled there
At the "Golden Fleece,"—he knows!

In my wanderings, vague and various,
Reaching Naples,—as I lay
Watching Vesuvius from the bay,
I besought Saint Januarius.
But I was a fool to try him;
Naught I said could liquefy him;
And I swear he did me wrong,
Keeping me shut up so long
In that pest-house, with obscene
Jews and Greeks and things unclean:—
What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score,—
In Spain about as many more,—
And in Rome almost as many
As the loves of Don Giovanni,—

Did I pray to—sans reply;
Devil take the tribe!—said I.

Worn with travel, tired and lame,
To Assisi's walls I came:
Sad and full of home-sick fancies,
I address'd me to Saint Francis;
But the beggar never did
Any thing as he was bid,
Never gave me aught—but fleas,—
Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Provence, near Vaucluse,
Hard by the Rhone, I found a Saint
Gifted with a wondrous juice,
Potent for the worst complaint.
'Twas at Avignon that first—
In the witching time of thirst—
To my brain the knowledge came
Of this blessed Catholic's name;
Forty miles of dust that day
Made me welcome Saint Peray.

Though till then I had not heard
Aught about him, ere a third
Of a litre pass'd my lips,
All saints else were in eclipse.
For his gentle spirit glided
With such magic into mine,
That methought such bliss as I did
Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me, and refection,—
Chasten'd hopes, calm retrospection,—
Soften'd images of sorrow,
Bright forebodings for the morrow,—
Charity for what is past,—
Faith in something good at last.

Now, why should any almanack
The name of this good creature lack?

Or wherefore should the breviary
Omit a Saint so sage and merry?
The Pope himself should grant a day
Especially to Saint Peray.
But, since no day hath been appointed,
On purpose, by the Lord's Anointed,
Let us not wait,—we'll do him right;
Send round your bottles, Hal! and set your night.

DIRGE. *

WHAT shall we do now, Mary being dead,
Or say, or write, that shall express the half?
What can we do but pillow that fair head
And let the spring-time write her epitaph?

As it will soon in snow-drop, violet,
Wind-flower, and columbine, and maiden's tear,—
Each letter of that pretty alphabet
That spells in flowers the pageant of the year.

She was a maiden for a man to love,
She was a woman for a husband's life,
One that had learn'd to value far above
The name of Love the sacred name of Wife.

Her little life-dream, rounded so with sleep,
Had all there is of life—except gray hairs:
Hope, love, trust, passion, and devotion deep,
And that mysterious tie a Mother bears.

She hath fulfill'd her promise and hath past.
Set her down gently at the iron door!
Eyes! look on that loved image for the last:
Now cover it in earth—her earth no more!

* See Note 22.

SWALLOWS.

Chimney swallows! homeward hie!
You shall have my Lady's eye
To look and love you, now and then,
When she lays down her book or pen,
Shut wholly from the world of men.
In her chamber if you build,
With her smile you shall be fill'd:
Nevermore will you desire
To wander from her happy fire,
But fluttering in your new-found nest
Say to each other—"Here we rest!"

O, had I but your pinions, too!
Full well I know what I would do.
I know where I would dwell to-night,
Where lamp and fire and eyes are bright,
And where the music never fails.
Even if the instrument be still,
There is a music that prevails
Beyond the master's highest skill:
Such harmony as flows from love—
Not passionate—but full of peace;
Past understanding, and above
Music,—most felt when that doth cease.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Born at Lexington, Kentucky, 1819—

THE GODS OF OLD.

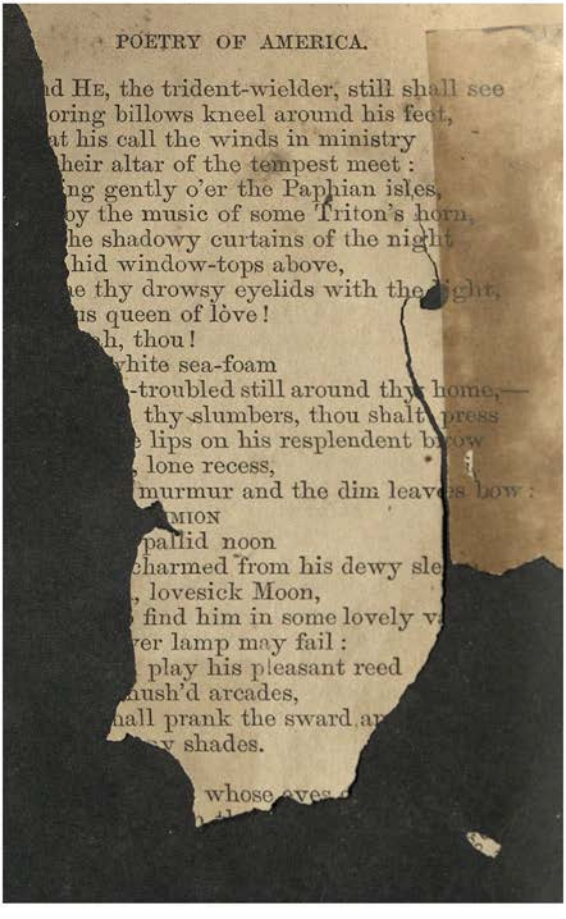
Not realmless sit the ancient gods
Upon their misty thrones.
In that old glorious Grecian heaven
Of regal zones
A languor on their awful forms may lie,
And a deep grief upon their large white brows,

King-dwellers of the sky.
But still they show the might of God,
In rustless panoply.
They cannot fade, though other creeds
Came burden'd with their curse,
And One's apotheosis was
A darken'd universe:
No tempest heralded the orient light;
No fiery portent walk'd the solemn night;
No conqueror's blood-red banner was unfurl'd;
No volcan shook its warning torch on high;
No earthquake tore the pulses of the world;
No pale suns wander'd through the swarthy sky;
Only the silent Spheres
Amid the darkness shed some joyous tears;
And then, as rainbows come, it came
With morning's lambent flame.
The Stars look'd from their palaces, whose spires
And windows caught afar the prophet-glow,
And bade their choirs sing to the sweetest lyres,
"Peace and good will unto the orb below!"
The monarchs shudder'd and turn'd sick at heart;
And from their bright hands fell
Gemm'd sceptres with a thunderous sound
Before the miracle:
Ah! sick at soul:—but they, the bards,
Song's calm immortals in the eclipse,
Throng'd up and held the nectar-cup
To their pale lips;
And each, with an eager, fond look, stirr'd
Certain melodious strings,
While the startled tempest-bearing bird,
Poised tremblingly his wings:
Then loftier still their harps resounded,
And louder yet their voices roll'd
Between the arches, and rebounded
Dreamily from the roof of gold:

"Ye cannot leave your throned spheres,
Though faith is o'er,

And a mightier ONE than JOVE appears
On Earth's expectant shore!"
Slowly the daring words went trampling thr
halls—
"Not in the earth, nor hell, nor sky,
The IDEAL, O ye gods! can ever die,
But to the soul of man immortal calls.

"Still, JOVE, sublime, shall wrap
His awful forehead in Olympian shrouds,
Or take along the heavens' dark wilderne
His thunder-chase behind the hunted cl
And mortal eyes upturned shall behold
APOLLO'S rustling robe of gold
Sweep through the corridors of the an
That kindling speaks its Deity:
And HE, the ruler of the sunless land
Of restless ghosts, shall fitfully illun
With smouldering fires that stir in ca
Hell's house of shuddering gloom:
Still the ethereal huntress, as of old,
Shall roam amid the sacred Latmos mo
And lave her virgin limbs in waters co
That earth holds up for her in marble
And in his august dreams along the It
The poor old throneless god, with angry
Will feebly grasp the air for his lost cr
Then murmur sadly low of his grea
And wrapp'd in sounding mail sh
War's giant c
And where th
Urge through
Or pause to li
The deep hoa
Led by the h
Till at the we
They gave the
Amid the pan
Then, drunken
Go swooning t



ıd He, the trident-wielder, still shall see
oring billows kneel around his feet,
at his call the winds in ministry
heir altar of the tempest meet:
ng gently o'er the Paphian isles,
by the music of some Triton's horn,
he shadowy curtains of the night
hid window-tops above,
e thy drowsy eyelids with the light,
is queen of love!
h, thou!
white sea-foam
-troubled still around thy home,—
thy slumbers, thou shalt press
lips on his resplendent brow
lone recess,
murmur and the dim leaves bow:
MION
pallid noon
charmed from his dewy sle
, lovesick Moon,
find him in some lovely v
er lamp may fail:
play his pleasant reed
ush'd arcades,
hall prank the sward ar
y shades.

whose eyes

Earth's ancient vales rejoicing in his fire,
The homes, the loves of men,—those beings wrought
To many a beauteous form
In the grand quiet of his own great thought:
And over all, bright, beautiful, serene,
And changeless in thy prime,
Thou, PSYCHE! glory-cinctured, shalt be seen,
Whispering for ever that one word sublime,
Down through the peopled gallery of Time,—
Eternity!'—in whose dread cycles stand
Men and their deities, alike, on common land."

Like far-off stars that glimmer in a cloud,
Deathless, O Gods! shall ye illume the past;
To you the poet-voice will cry aloud,
Faithful among the faithless, to the last—
"Ye must not die!"
Long as the dim robes of the ages trail
O'er Delphi's steep or Tempe's flowery vale—
Ye *shall not* die!
Though time and storm your calm old templ
And, rightly, men to our "ONE ONLY" bend
Ye were the things in which the ancient n
Its darkling sense of Deity enshrined.
To Sinai still Olympus revere
And Ida leans to hear Mount
Gods of the past! your shapes
Upon our clime your mighty p
And Christian hearts with Gre

EL AMIN—THE F

Who is this that comes from Ha
and pride,
But a great free son of Nature, lion

Who is this before whose presen
God?
While he cries out—"Allah Akba
but God!"

Wandering in the solemn desert, he a wonder'd like a child
Not as yet too proud to wor[illegible] sun and star and wild.

"O, thou Moon! who made thy [illegible]ness? Stars! who
hung ye there on high?
Answer! so my soul may worship. [illegible]ust worship, or I die."

Then there fell the brooding silence that precedes the
thunder's roll;
the old Arabian Whirlwind rolled another Arab soul.

[illegible]s that comes from Heav'n? not in kingly pomp
[illegible] pride,
[illegible]oat free son of Nature, lion-soul'd and eagle-eyed:

[illegible]tood and seen Mount Hara to the Awful Presence
[illegible]ard from cloud and lightning—"Know there is
but God!"

[illegible] man "an impostor?"—He was call'd *The*
when
[illegible]der'd o'er the deserts by the wild-eyed Arab

[illegible]—Truth he knew was
[illegible] corridors of
[illegible] childhood,—fierce at
[illegible] he made the sun and
[illegible]; and affection's graceful
[illegible] to the weary brought a balm.
[illegible] each compassion! Lead the
[illegible] justice, truth unto the

"Yet, ambitious!"—Yes! ambitious—while he heard the
calm and sweet
Aidern-voices sing—to trample conquer'd Hell beneath
his feet.

"Islam?"—Yes! submit to heaven!—"Prophet?"—T
the East thou art!
What are prophets but the trumpets blown by God to
the heart?

And the great Heart of the Desert stirr'd unto that s
strain
Rolling from the trump at Hara over Error's trouble

And a hundred dusky millions honor still El Ami
Daily chaunting—"Allah Akbar! know there i
but God!"

Call him then no more Impostor! Mecca is
Gate
Where, till Zion's noon shall take them, n
morning wait.

WILLIAM WETMORE ST

Born at Salem, Mass: 1819—

PRAXITELES AND PHRYN

A THOUSAND silent years ago,
The twilight, faint and pale,
Was drawing o'er the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil;

When from his work the Sculp
His hand, and, turn'd to one
Who stood beside him, half in s
Said, with a sigh—"'Tis don

"Thus much is saved from chan
That waits for me and thee;
Thus much—how little! from t
Of Death and Destiny.

"Phryne! thy human lips shall fade,
Thy rounded limbs decay,—
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live,—
For Art can grant what love desires,
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When this quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I are dust!

"Then all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
Love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told,—

"Senseless stone, so coldly fair,
Love nor life can warm
Enchanting look shall wear,
The enchanting form;

"No sorrow shall destroy
Nor age shall spare
The loveliness of vanish'd joy
Or wring waste of care.

"Upon that silent face
The ages see
Death, perennial grace,
And serenity.

"Lovers, when we sleep in peace,
Not quite unmoved
Upon Praxiteles
The one whom he loved."

THE VIOLET.

O! FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet,
Thine odour, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and low
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that belovèd place,
And that belovèd hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass
The lark sings o'er my head,
Drown'd in the sky: O pass, ye visions! pass
I would that I were dead!

Why hast thou open'd that forbidden door
From which I ever flee?
O vanish'd Joy! O Love, that art no more
Let my vex'd spirit be!

O violet! thy odour through my brain
Hath search'd, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf.

WALT WHITMAN.*

Born at West Hills, New York, 1819—

WITH ANTECEDENTS.

With antecedents;
With my fathers and mothers, and the accumulations of past ages;
With all which, had it not been, I would not now be here, as I am;

* See Note 23.

With Egypt, India, Phenicia, Greece and Rome;
With the Kelt, the Scandinavian, the Alb, and the Saxon;
With antique maritime ventures,—with laws, artizanship, wars and journeys;
With the poet, the skald, the saga, the myth, and the oracle;
With the sale of slaves—with enthusiasts—with the troubadour, the crusader, and the monk;
With those old continents whence we have come to this new continent;
th the fading kingdoms and kings over there;
h the fading religions and priests;
the small shores we look back to from our own large nd present shores;
countless years drawing themselves onward, and ived at these years;
Me arrived—America arrived, and making this
sending itself ahead countless years to come.

ot the years—it is I—it is You;
laws, and tally all antecedents;
ald, the oracle, the monk, and the knight—
we easily include them, and more;
We stand amid time, beginningless and endless—we stand amid evil and good;
All swings around us—there is as much darkness as light;
The very sun swings itself and its system of planets around us:
Its sun, and its again, all swing around us.

s for me (torn, stormy, even as I, amid these vehement days)
I have the idea of all, and am all, and believe in all;
I believe materialism is true, and spiritualism is true—I reject no part.

Have I forgotten any part?
Come to me, whoever and whatever, till I give you recognition.

I respect Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the Hebrews;
I adopt each theory, myth, god, and demi-god;
I see that the old accounts, bibles, genealogies, are true, without exception;
I assert that all past days were what they should have been;
And that they could no-how have been better than they were,
And that to-day is what it should be—and that America is
And that to-day and America could no-how be better th
they are.

In the name of These States, and in your and my
the Past,
And in the name of These States, and in your and m
the Present time.

I know that the past was great, and the futur
great,
And I know that both curiously conjoint in
time,
(For the sake of him I typify—for the co
man's sake—your sake, if you are he;)
And that where I am, or you are, this
is the centre of all days, all
And there is the meaning, to us, of all that has e
of races and days, or ever will come.

LONGINGS FOR HOME.

O MAGNET-SOUTH! O glistening
South!
South!
O quick mettle, rich blood, impulse, and love! Good an
evil! O all dear to me!
O dear to me my birth-things—All moving things, and
the trees where I was born—the grains, plants, rivers;
Dear to me my own slow sluggish rivers where they flow,
distant, over flats of silvery sands, or through swamps

Dear to me the Roanoke, the Savannah, the Altamahaw,
the Pedee, the Tombigbee, the Santee, the Coosa, and
the Sabine;
O pensive, far away wandering, I return with my Soul to
haunt their banks again;
Again in Florida I float on transparent bays—I float on
the Okeechobee—I cross the hammock land, or
through pleasant openings, or dense forests;
I see the parrots in the woods—I see the papaw tree and
the blossoming titi;
Again, sailing in my coaster, on deck, I coast off Georgia—
I coast up the Carolinas,
where the live-oak is growing—I see where the yellow-
pine, the scented bay-tree, the lemon and orange, the
cypress, the graceful palmetto;
I round sea-headlands and enter Pamlico Sound through
the inlet, and dart my vision inland;
the cotton plant! the growing fields of rice, sugar,
and corn!
I see the cane, guarded with thorns—the laurel-tree, with
its white flowers;
I see far away—the richness and barrenness—the old
moss charged with mistletoe and trailing moss,
I see and the gloom—the awful natural stillness,
here in these dense swamps the free water carries his
mate, and the fugitive slave, has his concealed hut);
I see the strange fascination of these half-known, half-impas-
sable swamps, infested by reptiles, resounding with
the bellow of the alligator, the sad noises of the night-
owl, and the wild-cat, and the whirr of the rattlesnake;
I see the mocking-bird, the American mimic, singing all the
time of noon—singing through the moon-lit night,
I see the humming-bird, the wild-turkey, the raccoon, the
opossum;
A Tennessee corn-field—the tall, graceful, long-leaved
corn—slender, flapping, bright green, with tassels—
with beautiful ears, each well-sheath'd in its husk;
An Arkansas prairie—a sleeping lake, or still bayou;
O my heart! O tender and fierce pangs—I can stand them
not—I will depart;

Virginian, where I
O to be a
dian!
irrepressible! O I will
O be gone
ever wander more!

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

y tan-faced children!
ll in order, get your weapons ready;
your pistols? have you
Have you
Pioneers! O pioneers!

cannot tarry here,
We must
march, my darlings! we must bear the brunt of
outhful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

ouths, western youths,
ut, full of action, full of manly pride and frie
western youths! see you
foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

lie elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied, over the
eyond the seas?
up the task eternal, and the burden, and the
lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labour and
the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the
steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as
unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we, and
mines within;
We the surface broad surveying, and
heaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the
high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from
we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
ntral inland race are we, from Missouri,
tinental blood intervein'd;
the hands of comrades clasping,
the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless, restless race!
beloved race in all! O my breast
for all!
I mourn and yet exult—I am rapt
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
Waving high the delicate mistress,
mistress, (bend your heads all!)
Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress,
weapon'd mistress,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

[illegible] children, resolute children,
[illegible] swarms upon our [illegible] we must never yield or
[illegible]
Are [illegible] back in ghostly millions [illegible] wning there behind us
[illegible] ng,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

[illegible] on, the compact ranks,
With [illegible] sessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead
[illegible] fill'd,
[illegible] the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never
[illegible] pping,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

[illegible] die advancing on!
[illegible] ore some of us to droop and die? has the [illegible]
[illegible] on the march we fittest die, soon and sur[illegible]
[illegible] fill'd,
Pioneers! O [illegible]

[illegible] the pulses of the world,
[illegible] in, they beat for us, with the western movem[illegible]
[illegible] sent.
[illegible] single or together, steady moving, to the front, all
[illegible] us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

[illegible] s involved and varied pages [illegible] s,
[illegible] forms and shows, all the [illegible] kmen at their work,
[illegible] seamen and the [illegible] ndsmen, all the masters with
[illegible] eir slaves,
Pioneers! O [illegible] neers!

[illegible] the hapless silent lovers,
[illegible] the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the
wicked,
[illegible] the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the
[illegible] lying,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

[illegible] too with my soul and body,
We [illegible] a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,

Through these shores, amid the shadows, with the emo-
tions pressing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo! the darting bowling orb!
Lo! the brother orbs around! all the clustering suns and
planets;
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in
embryo wait behind,
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for time—

Pioneers! O pioneers!

daughters of the west!
young and elder daughters! O you mothers and
ou wives!
r must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!
(Shrouded bards of other lands! you may sleep—you
done your work;)
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tune
amid us,
Pioneers pioneers!

Not for delectation sweet;
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the
sedi
Not the eches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoy-
ment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they locked and
bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged, nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you, in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the day-break call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind;
Swift! to the head of the army!—swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

QUICKSAND YEARS.

Quicksand years that whirl me I know not whither,
Your schemes, politics, fail—lines give way—substances mock and elude me;
Only the theme I sing, the great and strong-possess'd soul, eludes not;
One's-self, must never give way—that is the final substance—that out of all is sure;
Out of politics, triumphs, battles, death—what at last finally remains?
When shows break up, what but One's-Self is sure?

THE DRESSER.

An old man bending, I come, among new faces,
Years looking backward, resuming, in answer to children,
Come tell us old man! as from young men and maidens that love me;
Years hence of these scenes, of these furious passions, these chances,

Of unsurpass'd heroes, (was one side so brave? the other
was equally brave);
Now be witness again—paint the mightiest armies of earth;
Of those armies so rapid, so wondrous, what saw you to
tell us?
What stays with you latest and deepest? of curious panics,
Of hard-fought engagements, or sieges tremendous, what
deepest remains?

O maidens and young men I love, and that love me!
What you ask of my days, those the strangest and sudden
your talking recalls;
Soldier alert I arrive, after a long march, cover'd with
sweat and dust;
In the nick of time I come, plunge in the fight, loudly
shout in the rush of successful charge;
Enter the captured works . . . . yet lo! like a swift-
running river, they fade;
Pass and are gone, they fade—I dwell not on soldiers'
perils or soldiers' joys;
(Both I remember well—many the *hardships*, few the joys,
yet I was content).

But in silence, in dream's projections,
While the world of gain and appearance and mirth goes on,
So soon what is over forgotten, and waves wash the im-
prints off the sand,
In nature's reverie sad, with hinged knees returning, I
enter the doors—(while for you up there,
Whoever you are, follow me without noise, and be of
strong heart).

Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
Straight and swift to my wounded I go,
Where they lie on the ground, after the battle brought in;
Where their priceless blood reddens the grass, the ground;
Or to the rows of the hospital tent, or under the roof'd
hospital;

To the long rows of cots, up and down, each side, I return;
To each and all, one after another, I draw near—not one
do I miss;
An attendant follows, holding a tray—he carries a refuse
pail,
Soon to be fill'd with clotted rags and blood, emptied, and
fill'd again.

I onward go, I stop,
With hinged knees and steady hand, to dress wounds;
I am firm with each—the pangs are sharp, yet unavoidable;
One turns to me his appealing eyes—(poor boy! I never
knew you,
Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for you,
if that would save you).

On, on I go—(Open, doors of time! open hospital doors!)
The crush'd head I dress (poor crazed hand, tear not the
bandage away);
The neck of the cavalry-man, with the bullet through and
through, I examine;
Hard the breathing rattles, quite glazed already the eye,
yet life struggles hard;
(Come, sweet death! be persuaded, O beautiful death!
In mercy come quickly).

From the stump of the arm, the amputated hand,
I undo the clotted lint, remove the slough, wash off the
matter and blood;
Back on his pillow the soldier bends, with curved neck,
and side-falling head;
His eyes are closed, his face is pale, he dares not look on
the bloody stump,
And has not yet look'd on it.

I dress a wound in the side, deep, deep;
But a day or two more—for see, the frame all wasted and
sinking,
And the yellow-blue countenance see!

I dress the perforated shoulder, the foot with the bullet wound,
Cleanse the one with a gnawing and putrid gangrene, so sickening, so offensive,
While the attendant stands behind aside me, holding the tray and pail.

I am faithful, I do not give out;
The fractured thigh, the knee, the wound in the abdomen,
These and more I dress with impassive hand—(yet deep in my breast a fire, a burning flame).

Thus in silence, in dream's projections,
Returning, resuming, I thread my way through the hospitals;
The hurt and the wounded I pacify with soothing hand,
I sit by the restless all the dark night—some are so young;
Some suffer so much—I recall the experience sweet and sad;
(Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have cross'd and rested,
Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips).

SPIRIT WHOSE WORK IS DONE.

Spirit whose work is done! spirit of dreadful hours!
Ere, departing, fade from my eyes your forests of bayonets;
Spirit of gloomiest fears and doubts, (yet onward ever unfaltering pressing);
Spirit of many a solemn day, and many a savage scene! Electric spirit!
That with muttering voice, through the years now closed, like a tireless phantom flitted,
Rousing the land with breath of flame, while you beat and beat the drum;

Now, as the sound of the drum, hollow and harsh to the last, reverberates round me;
As your ranks, your immortal ranks, return, return from the battles;
While the muskets of the young men yet lean over their shoulders;
While I look on the bayonets bristling over their shoulders;
While those slanted bayonets, whole forests of them, appearing in the distance, approach and pass on, returning homeward,
Moving with steady motion, swaying to and fro, to the right and left,
Evenly, lightly rising and falling, as the steps keep time:
Spirit of hours I knew, all hectic red one day, but pale as death next day;
Touch my mouth, ere you depart—press my lips close!
Leave me your pulses of rage! bequeath them to me! fill me with currents convulsive!
Let them scorch and blister out of my chants, when you are gone;
Let them identify you to the future in these songs!

THE CITY DEAD-HOUSE.

By the City Dead-House, by the gate,
As idly sauntering, wending my way from the clangor,
I curious pause—for lo! an outcast form, a poor dead prostitute brought;
Her corpse they deposit, unclaim'd, it lies on the damp brick pavement;
The divine woman, her body—I see the Body—I look on it alone,
That house once full of passion and beauty—all else I notice not;
Nor stillness so cold, nor running water from faucet, nor odours morbific impress me;
But the house alone—that wondrous house, that delicate fair house—that ruin!

That immortal house, more than all the rows of dwellings ever built!
Or white-domed Capitol itself, with the majestic figure surmounted—or all the old high-spired cathedrals,
That little house alone, more than them all—poor, desperate house!
Fair, fearful wreck! tenement of a Soul! itself a Soul!
Unclaim'd, avoided house! take one breath from my tremulous lips;
Take one tear, dropt aside as I go, for thought of you,
Dead house of love! house of madness and sin, crumbled! crush'd!
House of life—erewhile talking and laughing—but ah, poor house! dead, even then;
Months, years, an echoing, garnish'd house—but dead, dead, dead.

THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER.

1.

HARK! some wild trumpeter—some strange musician,
Hovering unseen in air, vibrates capricious tunes to-night.

I hear thee, trumpeter! listening, alert, I catch thy notes,
Now pouring, whirling like a tempest round me,
Now low, subdued—now in the distance lost.

2.

Come nearer, bodiless one! haply in thee resounds
Some dead composer—haply thy pensive life
Was fill'd with aspirations high—unform'd ideals,
Waves, oceans musical, chaotically surging,
That now, ecstatic ghost! close to me bending, thy cornet echoing, pealing,
Gives out to no one's ears but mine—but freely gives to mine,
That I may thee translate.

3.

Blow, trumpeter! free and clear—I follow thee,
While at thy liquid prelude, glad, serene,
The fretting world, the streets, the noisy hours of day, withdraw;
A holy calm descends, like dew upon me;
I walk, in cool refreshing night, the walks of Paradise,
I scent the grass, the moist air, and the roses;
Thy song expands my numb'd, imbonded spirit—thou freëst, launchest me,
Floating and basking upon Heaven's lake.

4.

Blow again, trumpeter! and for my sensuous eyes,
Bring the old pageants—show the feudal world.

What charm thy music works!—thou makèst pass before me,
Ladies and cavaliers long dead—barons are in their castle halls—the troubadours are singing;
Arm'd knights go forth to redress wrongs—some in quest of the Holy Graal:
I see the tournament—I see the contestants, encased in heavy armour, seated on stately, champing horses;
I hear the shouts—the sounds of blows and smiting steel:
I see the Crusaders' tumultuous armies—Hark! how the cymbals clang!
Lo! where the monks walk in advance, bearing the Cross on high!

5.

Blow again, trumpeter! and for thy theme,
Take now the enclosing theme of all—the solvent and the setting;
Love, that is pulse of all—the sustenance and the pang;
The heart of man and woman all for love;
No other theme but love—knitting, enclosing, all-iffusing love.

O, how the immortal phantoms crowd around me!
I see the vast alembic ever working—I see and know the flames that heat the world;
The glow, the blush, the beating hearts of lovers,
So blissful happy some—and some so silent, dark, and nigh to death.
Love, that is all the earth to lovers—Love, that mocks time and space;
Love that is day and night—Love, that is sun and moon and stars;
Love, that is crimson, sumptuous, sick with perfume;
No other words, but words of love—no other thought but Love.

6.

Blow again, trumpeter! conjure war's wild alarums!

Swift to thy spell, a shuddering hum like distant thunder rolls;
Lo! where the arm'd men hasten—lo! 'mid the clouds of dust, the glint of bayonets;
I see the grime-faced cannoniers—I mark the rosy flash amid the smoke—I hear the cracking of the guns:
—Nor war alone—thy fearful music-song, wild player! brings every sight of fear,
The deeds of ruthless brigands—rapine, murder—I hear the cries for help!
I see ships foundering at sea—I behold on deck, and below deck, the terrible tableaux.

7.

O trumpeter! methinks I am myself the instrument thou playest!
Thou melt'st my heart, my brain—thou movèst, drawest, changèst them, at will:
And now thy sullen notes send darkness through me;
Thou takèst away all cheering light—all hope:

I see the enslaved, the overthrown, the hurt, the oppress'd
of the whole earth;
I feel the measureless shame and humiliation of my race—
it becomes all mine;
Mine too the revenges of humanity—the wrongs of ages—
baffled feuds and hatreds;
Utter defeat upon me weighs—all lost! the foe victorious!
(Yet 'mid the ruins Pride colossal stands, unshaken to
the last;
Endurance, resolution, to the last.)

8.

Now, trumpeter! for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet;
Sing to my soul—renew its languishing faith and hope;
Rouse up my slow belief—give me some vision of the future;
Give me, for once, its prophecy and joy.

O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigour more than earth's is in thy notes!
Marches of victory—man disenthrall'd—the conqueror at
last!
Hymns to the universal God, from universal Man—all joy!
A reborn race appears—a perfect World, all joy!
Women and Men, in wisdom, innocence, and health,—all
joy!
Riotous, laughing bacchanals, fill'd with joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—
nothing but joy left!
The ocean fill'd with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! Joy! in freedom, worship, love! Joy in the ecstasy
of life!
Enough to merely be! Enough to breathe!
Joy! Joy! all over Joy!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Born in New York City 1819—

*BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.**

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

Glory! glory, hallelujah!——

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel:
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel!
Since God is marching on.

Glory! glory, hallelujah!——

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
O, be swift, my soul! to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Glory! glory, hallelujah!——

* See *Note 24.*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!
While God is marching on.
Glory! glory, hallelujah!——

HERMAN MELVILLE.

Born in New York City 1819—

SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

Shoe the steed with silver
That bore him to the fray,
When he heard the guns at dawning—
Miles away;
When he heard them calling, calling—
Mount! nor stay;
Quick, or all is lost;
They've surprised and storm'd the post,
They push your routed host;—
Gallop! retrieve the day!

House the horse in ermine—
For the foam-flake blew
White through the red October;
He thunder'd into view;
They cheer'd him in the looming,
Horseman and horse they knew.
The turn of the tide began,
The rally of bugles ran,
He swung his hat in the van;
The electric hoof-spark flew.

Wreathe the steed and lead him—
For the charge he led
Touch'd and turn'd the cypress
Into amaranths for the head

Of Philip, king of riders,
  Who raised them from the dead.
    The camp (at dawning lost)
    By eve recover'd—forced—
    Rang with laughter of the host
  At belated Early fled.

Shroud the horse in sable—
  For the mounds they heap!
There is firing in the Valley,
  And yet no strife they keep;
It is the parting volley,
  It is the pathos deep.
    There is glory for the brave
    Who lead, and nobly save,
    But no knowledge in the grave
  Where the nameless followers sleep.

SHILOH.

A Requiem.

Skimming lightly, wheeling still,
  The swallows fly low
O'er the field in clouded days,
  The forest-field of Shiloh—
Over the field where April rain
Solaced the parch'd ones stretch'd in pain,
Through the pauses of night—
That follow'd the Sunday fight
  Around the church of Shiloh,—
The church so lone, the log-built one,
That echo'd to many a parting groan
  And natural prayer
  Of dying foemen mingled there—
Foemen at morn, but friends at eve—
  Fame or country least their care:
(What like a bullet can undeceive!)
  But now they lie low,
While over them the swallows skim,
  And all is hush'd at Shiloh.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

Born in New York City 1819—

THE COLOUR-BEARER.

(*Vicksburg, May* 22, 1863.)

LET them go!—they are brave, I know,—
  But a berth like this, why, it suits me best;
I can't carry back the Old Colours to-day,
We've come together a long rough way,—
  Here's as good a spot as any to rest.

No look, I reckon, to hold them long;
  So here, in the turf, with my bayonet,
To dig for a bit, and plant them strong—
  (Look out for the point—we may want it yet!)

Dry work!—but the old canteen holds fast
  A few drops of water—not over-fresh,—
So, for a drink!—it may be the last,—
  My respects to you, Mr. Secesh!

No great show for the snakes to sight;
  Our boys keep 'em busy yet, by the powers!—
Hark, what a row going on, to the right!
  Better luck there, I hope, than ours.

Half an hour!—(and you'd swear 'twas three)—
  Here by the bully old staff I've sat,—
Long enough, as it seems to me,
  To lose as many lives as a cat.

Now and then, they sputter away,—
  A puff and a crack, and I hear the ball.
Mighty poor shooting, I should say,—
  Not bad fellows, may be, after all.

My chance, of course, isn't worth a dime—
  But I thought 'twould be over, sudden and quick
Well, since it seems that we're not on time,
  Here's for a touch of the Kilikinick.

Cool as a clock!—and what is strange,
Out of this dream of death and alarm
(This wild, hard week of battle and change),
Out of the rifle's deadly range,
My thoughts are all at the dear old farm.

'Tis green as a sward, by this, I know,—
The orchard is just beginning to set,
They mow'd the home-lot a week ago,—
The corn must be late, for that piece is wet.

I can think of one or two that would wipe
A drop or so from a soft blue eye,
To see me sit and puff at my pipe,
With a hundred death's heads grinning hard by.

And I wonder when this has all pass'd o'er,
And the tatter'd old Stars in triumph wave on
Through street and square, with welcoming roar,
If ever they'll think of us who are gone!

How we march'd together, sound or sick,
Sank in the trench o'er the heavy spade,
How we charged on the guns at double-quick,
Kept rank for Death to choose and to pick,
And lay on the bed no fair hands made.

Ah, well!—at last, when the nation's free,
And flags are flapping from bluff to bay,
In old St. Lou what a time there'll be!
I mayn't be there, the Hurrah to see,—
But if the Old Rag goes back to-day,
They never shall say 'twas carried by me!

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

Blue gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead—
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form;
A common son of the forecastle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name and the strand he hail'd from
We know—and there's nothing more!
But perhaps his mother is waiting
In the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting, a wreck,—
"'Tis my watch!" he would mutter—
"I must go upon deck!"

Ay, on deck—by the foremast!—
But watch and look-out are done;
The Union Jack laid o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine!
Stay the hurrying shaft!
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft!
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer;
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare!—
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service
(A little spray on his cheeks)—
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks,—
"We therefore commit his body
To the deep!"—and, as he speaks,

Launch'd from the weather-railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin,—
But, silence to doubt and dole!
There's a quiet harbour somewhere
For the poor a-weary soul.

Free the fetter'd engine!
Speed the tireless shaft!
Loose to'gallant and topsail!—
The breeze is fair abaft.

Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead,—
Every man to his duty!
We have buried our dead.

QU'IL MOURUT!

Not a sob, not a tear be spent
For those who fell at his side,—
But a moan and a long lament
For him—who might have died!

Who might have lain, as Harold lay,
A King, and in state enow,—
Or slept with his peers, like Roland
In the Straits of Roncesvaux.

ALICE CARY.

Born near Cincinnati, Ohio, 1820—died 1871.

THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

O MEMORY! be sweet to me,—
  Take, take all else at will,
So thou but leave me safe and sound,
Without a token my heart to wound,
  The little house on the hill!

Take all of best from east to west,
  So thou but leave me still
The chamber, where in the starry light
I used to lie awake at night
  And list to the whip-poor-will.

Take violet-bed, and rose-tree red,
  And the purple flags by the mill,
The meadow gay, and the garden-ground;
But leave, O leave me safe and sound
  The little house on the hill!

The daisy-lane, and the dove's low plain,
  And the cuckoo's tender bill,—
Take one and all, but leave the dreams
That turn'd the rafters to golden beams,
  In the little house on the hill!

The gables brown, they have tumbled down,
  And dry is the brook by the mill;
The sheets I used with care to keep
Have wrapt my dead for the last long sleep
  In the valley, low and still.

But, Memory! be sweet to me,
  And build the walls, at will,
Of the chamber where I used to mark,
So softly rippling over the dark,
  The song of the whip-poor-will!

Ah, Memory! be sweet to me:
All other fountains chill;
But leave that song so weird and wild,
Dear as its life to the heart of the child,
In the little house on the hill!

FADED LEAVES.

THE hills are bright with maples yet;
But down the level land
The beech leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red
Along the hill-tops glow,
And in the still sharp air the frost
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the briar-rose
Have lost their rounded pride;
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping heavy-eyed;

The cricket grows more friendly now,
The dormouse sly and wise,
Hiding away in the disgrace
Of nature, from men's eyes;

The pigeons in black wavering lines
Are swinging tow'rd the sun;
And all the wide and wither'd fields
Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now
The squirrel hastes to gain,
And sets his house in order for
The winter's dreary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal Spring.

PHŒBE CARY.

Born near Cincinnati, Ohio, 1824—died 1871.

SONG.

LAUGH out, O stream! from your bed of green,
Where you lie in the sun's embrace;
And talk to the reeds that o'er you lean
To touch your dimpled face.
But let your talk be sweet as it will,
And your laughter be as gay,
You cannot laugh as I laugh in my heart,—
For my lover will come to-day!

Sing sweet, little bird! sing out to your mate
That hides in the leafy grove;
Sing clear and tell him for him you wait,
And tell him of all your love.
But though you sing till you shake the buds
And the tender leaves of May,
My spirit thrills with a sweeter song,—
For my lover must come to-day!

Come up, O winds! come up from the south
With eager hurrying feet,
And kiss your red rose on her mouth
In the bower where she blushes sweet.
But you cannot kiss your darling flower,
Though you clasp her as you may,
As I kiss in my thought the lover dear
I shall hold in my arms to-day!

ALAS!

SINCE, if you stood by my side to-day,
Only our hands could meet,
What matter if half the weary world
Lies out between our feet?

That I am here by the lonesome sea,
You by the pleasant Rhine?
Our hearts were just as far apart,
If I held your hand in mine!

Therefore, with never a backward glance,
I leave the past behind;
And standing here by the sea alone,
I give it to the wind.

I give it all to the cruel wind,
And I have no word to say;
Yet, alas! to be as we have been,
And to be as we are to-day!

PICKLED BEETS.

Go on, my friend! speak freely, pray;
Don't stop till you have said your say;
But, after you are tired to death,
And pause to take a little breath,
I'll name a dish I think is one
To which no justice can be done!

It isn't pastry, old and rich,
Nor onions, garlic, chives, and sich,
Not cheese that moves with lively pace,
It isn't even *Sweitzer Kase:*
It isn't ham that's old and strong,
Nor sausage kept a month too long;
It isn't beefsteak fried in lard,
Nor boil'd potatoes when they're hard,
(All food unfit for Goth or Celt);
It isn't fit even when they're smelt;
It ain't what Chinamen call nice,
Although they dote on rats and mice,
For, speaking honestly and truly,
I wouldn't give it to a Coolie!
I wouldn't vally even a pup,

If he could stoop to eat it up;
Nor give my enemy a bit,
Although he sot and cried for it.
Recall all pizen food and slop
At stations where the rail-cars stop;
It's more than each and all of these,
By just about sixteen degrees.
It has no nutriment, it's trash!
It's meaner than the meanest hash,
And sourer twenty thousand times,
Than lemons, vinegar, and limes:
It's what I hate the man who eats;
It's poor, cold, cussed, pickled beets!

RICHARD COE.

Born at Philadelphia 1821—

EMBLEMS.

Falleth now from off a tree
A wither'd leaf:
This the lesson taught to me,—
Life is brief!
Hear it say—
"Mortal, soon thou'lt follow me
To decay!"

Droppeth now from off my head
A silver hair:
Plainer preacher never said—
"For death prepare!"
Fill'd with gloom,
We follow Time with solemn tread
To the tomb.

Mounteth now on wings of air,
To the sky,
A little dewdrop pure and clear:
Far up on high,
Hear it say—

"All above the earth is fair;
Watch and pray!
Night or sorrow come not here:
'Tis perfect day!"

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

Born 1822—died 1847.

GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, toss'd to and fro,
Drearily drench'd in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
Lash'd along without will of mine,—
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
Flung on the foam, afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery,—
Growth and grace in their place appear!

I bear round berries, gray and red,
Rootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore—
Something whispers soft to me—
Restless and roaming for evermore,
Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
The eternal type of the wondrous whole:
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
Grace informing with silent soul?

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Born in Pennsylvania 1822—died 1872.

THE WINDY NIGHT.

ALOW and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert moon;
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak.
"Tu-who! tu-whit!"
They cry, and flit,
"Tu-whit! tu-who!" like the solemn owl!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
Sweep the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash,
Clattering on the window sash,
With a clatter and patter
Like hail and rain,
That well-nigh shatter
The dusky pane!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
There are feet of air
On every stair—
Through every hall!
Through each gusty door
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain;
They heave at the steeple with might and main,
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

THE DESERTED FARM.

THE elms were old, and gnarl'd, and bent;
The fields, untill'd, were choked with weeds,
Where, every year, the thistles sent
Wider and wider their winged seeds.

Farther and farther the nettle and dock
Went colonizing over the plain,—
Growing, each season, a plenteous stock
Of burrs to protect their wild domain.

The last who ever had plough'd the soil
Now in the furrow'd churchyard lay;
The boy who whistled to lighten his toil
Was a sexton somewhere far away.

Instead, you saw how the rabbit and mole
Burrow'd and furrow'd with never a fear;
How the tunnelling fox look'd out of his hole,
Like one who notes if the skies are clear.

No mower was there to startle the birds
With the noisy whet of his reeking scythe;
The quail, like a cow-boy calling his herds,
Whistled to tell that his heart was blithe.

Now all was bequeath'd with pious care—
The groves and fields fenced round with briars—

To the birds that sing in the cloisters of air,
And the squirrels, those merry woodland friars.

AUTUMN'S SIGHING.

AUTUMN'S sighing,
Moaning, dying;
Clouds are flying
On like steeds;
While their shadows
O'er the meadows
Walk like widows
Deck'd in weeds.

Red leaves trailing,
Fall unfailing,
Dropping, sailing,
From the wood,
That, unpliant,
Stands defiant,
Like a giant
Dropping blood.

Winds are swelling
Round our dwelling,
All day telling
Us their woe;
And at vesper
Frosts grow crisper,
As they whisper
Of the snow.

From the unseen land
Frozen inland,
Down from Greenland
Winter glides,
Shedding lightness
Like the brightness
When moon-whiteness
Fills the tides.

Now bright Pleasure's
Sparkling measures
With rare treasures
Overflow!
With this gladness
Comes what sadness!
Oh, what madness!
Oh, what woe!

Even merit
May inherit
Some bare garret,
Or the ground;
Or, a worse ill,
Beg a morsel
At some door sill,
Like a hound!

Storms are trailing;
Winds are wailing,
Howling, railing
At each door.
'Midst this trailing,
Howling, railing,
List the wailing
Of the poor!

GEORGE H. BOKER.

Born at Philadelphia 1823—

THE BLACK REGIMENT.

(Port Hudson, May 27, 1863.)

DARK as the clouds of even,
Rank'd in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass and drifts
Tempest and falling brand,
Over a ruin'd land,—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,

Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flash'd with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,—
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now!" the flag-sergeant cried,—
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!"—
O, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke,
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel;
All their eyes forward bent,
Rush'd the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Roll'd in triumphant blood:
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death;
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell,
But they are *resting well;*
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
O, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment!

A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around."—COLERIDGE.

O, WHITHER sail you? Sir JOHN FRANKLIN!
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
To know if between the land and the pole
I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN!
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen pole
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laugh'd the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
Half England is wrong, if he is right;
Bear off to westward then!

O, whither sail you? brave Englishman!
Cried the little Esquimaux.
Between your land and the polar star
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there!
The little Indian said;
And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laugh'd the stout Sir John,
And the crew laugh'd with him too:—
A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new!

All through the long long polar day
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled.

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmur'd and threaten'd on every side;
And closed where he sail'd before.

Ho! see ye not, my merry men!
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said!
Think of the little Indian's sled!
The crew laugh'd out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, it is bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,

The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes,—
We cannot rule the year;
But long e'er summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipp'd and rose,
And flounder'd down the gale;
The ships were staid, the yards were mann'd,
And furl'd the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We sail not on yonder sea:
Why sail we not? Sir JOHN FRANKLIN!
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes,—
We cannot rule the year:
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John! wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dash'd no more;
'Twas ice around, behind, before—
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid:
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John! the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard green ice is strong as death:—
I prithee, Captain! speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold:
The ice is not so strong as hope—
The heart of man is bold!

What hope can scale this icy wall,
High o'er the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came,—
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around:
But the hard green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark! heard ye not the noise of guns?
And there, and there, again?
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurrah! hurrah! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal:
God give them grace for their charity!—
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John! where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass and the waving grain.

Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?—
My Mary waits for me.—
Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?—

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

Oh! think you, good Sir JOHN FRANKLIN,
We'll ever see the land?
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'Twas cruel, Sir John! to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween, the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done:—
The truth is founded, the secret won,—
We pass'd the Northern Sea!

AUGUSTINE JOSEPH HICKEY DUGANNE.

Born at Boston, Mass: 1823—

THE POET AND THE PEOPLE.

Spoke well the Grecian, when he said that poems
Were the high laws that sway'd a nation's mind—
Voices that live on echoes—
Brief and prophetic proems,
Opening the great heart-book of human kind!

Songs are a nation's pulses, which discover
If the great body be as nature will'd;
Songs are the spasms of soul,
Telling us when men suffer:
Dead is the nation's heart whose songs are still'd.

Lo! the firm poet is the Truth's dispenser—
Standing, like Heaven's high-priest, before its shrine;
And his high thoughts, like incense,
From his soul's golden censer,
Rise to God's throne—a sacrifice divine!

Stands he like Samuel, darkly prophesying,—
Threats he, like Nathan, humbling Judah's king,—
Comes he as John the Baptist,
'Mid the wild desert crying,—
Still from his soul the impatient voice must spring.

Speaks he to senseless tyrants, who with scourges
Would curb the ocean of the human heart!—
Over their whips and fetters,
Rush his bold songs, like surges:
Forth from the caverns of deep thought they start.

Still for the People—still for Man and Freedom—
Boldly his Titan words the bard must speak;
Till his too long lost birthright
Shall be regain'd by Edom—
Till, to restore that right, Jacob shall Esau seek!

LOVE'S EYES.

Light of my life! thy glorious eyes
Like stars above my heart arise—
Like stars that shine in midnight skies.

Down in my bosom's deep they beam,
Like star-rays in some darksome stream,—
Reflected there, mine own they seem.

Reflected in my soul thou art—
And thy dear eyes of me are part:
By their pure light I read my heart.

Before their beams, so bright and clear,
My shadowy doubtings disappear;
And Hope is now where once was Fear.

Dear Eyes!—do not my heart forsake!
Shine, like the stars within the lake,—
Shine, and the darksome shadows break!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Born at Philadelphia 1824—

BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.

Hans Breitmann choin'd de Toorners
  Novemper in de fall,
Und dey gifed a boostin' bender
  All in de Toorner-Hall.
Dere coom'd de whole Gesangverein
  Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,
Und dey blow'd on de drooms and strom'd on de fifes
  Till dey couldn't refife no more.

Hans Breitmann choin'd de Toorners,—
  Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into deir Toorner Hall,
  Und poots him a course of shprouts;

Dey poots him on de barrell-hell pars
Und shtands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de beer mit an enchine hose
In his mout' dill he's 'pout half tead!

Hans Breitmann choin'd de Toorners;—
Dey make shimnastig dricks,
He stoot on de middle of de floor
Und put oop a fifdy-six;
Und den he trows it to de roof,
Und schwig off a treadful trink:
De veight coom toomple pack on his headt,
Und py shinks! he didn't vink!

Hans Breitmann choin'd de Toorners:—
Mein Gott! how dey drink'd und shwore,—
Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
Und Bavarians by de score;
Some vellers coom'd from de Rheinland,
Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,
Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,
Und *he* vas a *Holstein* Dane.

Hans Breitmann choin'd de Toorners,
Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom;
Ven he open de box it schmell so loudt
It knock de musik doomb;
Ven de Deutschers kit de flavour,
It coorl de haar on dere head;
Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere;
Und, py tam! it kilt dem dead!

Hans Breitmann choin'd de Toorners;
De ladies coom'd in to see,—
Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
All in der gal-lerie:
Dey ashk—"Vhere ish der Breitmann?"
And dey dremple mit awe and fear
Ven dey see him schwingen py de toes,
A trinken lager bier.

Hans Breitmann choin'd de Toorners :—
I dells you vot, py tam!
Dey sings de great Urbummellied:
De holy Sharman psalm;
Und ven dey kits to de gorus
You ought to hear dem dramp!
It scared der Teufel down below
To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann choin'd de Toorners :—
By Donner! it vas grand,
Vhen de whole of dem goes a valkin'
Und dancin' on dere hand,
Mit de veet all wavin' in de air,
Gottstausend! vot a dricks!
Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down
Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann choin'd de Toorners,—
Dey lay dere in a heap,
And slept dill de early sonnen shine
Come in at de window creep;
And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,
And dey go to kit deir feed :—
Here hat' dis song an Ende—
Das ist DES BREITMANNSLIED.

BALLAD.

DER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer maid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say—"Oh, Ritter Hugo!
Vhere you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says—"I rides in de creenwood
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on—
"I tont dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone;

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Vere deres heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner
Und drafél along mit me:

"Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin,
Und you catches dem efery one:"—
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!
To shimmerin crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!
Shoost see dese diamant rings!
Coom down and full your bockets,
Und I'll giss you like avery dings.

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?
Coom down into der Rhine!
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce fill'd mit gold-red wine!"

Dat fetch'd him,—he shtood all shpell-pound;
She pool'd his coat-tails down,
She draw'd him oonder der wasser,—
De maiden mit nodings on.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Born at Providence, Rhode Island, 1824—

SONG.

Rushes lean over the water,
  Shells lie on the shore,
And thou, the blue Ocean's daughter,
  Sleep'st soft in the song of its roar.

Clouds sail over the ocean,
  White gusts fleck its calm,
But never its wildest motion
  Thy beautiful rest should harm.

White feet on the edge of the billow
  Mock its smooth-seething cream;
Hard ribs of beach-sand thy pillow,
  And a noble lover thy dream.

Like tangles of sea-weed streaming
  Over a perfect pearl,
Thy fair hair fringes thy dreaming,
  O sleeping Lido girl!

PEARL-SEED.

Songs are sung in my mind
  As pearls are form'd in the sea,
Each thought with thy name entwined
  Becomes a sweet song in me.

Dimly those pale pearls shine,
  Hidden under the sea,—
Vague are those songs of mine,
  So deeply they lie in me.

EBB AND FLOW.

I WALK'D beside the evening sea,
And dream'd a dream that could not be;
The waves that plunged along the shore,
Said only—"Dreamer! dream no more!"

But still the legions charged the beach,
And rang their battle-cry, like speech;
But changed was the imperial strain;
It murmur'd—"Dreamer! dream again!"

I homeward turn'd from out the gloom,
That sound I heard not in my room;
But suddenly a sound that stirr'd
Within my very breast, I heard.

It was my heart, that like a sea
Within my breast beat ceaselessly,
But like the waves along the shore,
It said—"Dream on!" and "Dream no more!"

MAJOR AND MINOR.

A BIRD sang sweet and strong
In the top of the highest tree;
He sang—"I pour out my soul in song
For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood
Another bird sang—"I pour
My soul on the solemn solitude
For the springs that return no more."

ADELINE D. TRAIN WHITNEY.

Born at Boston, Mass: 1824—

BEHIND THE MASK.

It was an old distorted face,
An uncouth visage rough and wild,
Yet from behind with laughing grace
Peep'd the fresh beauty of a child.

And so, contrasting strange to-day,
My heart of youth doth inly ask
If half earth's wrinkled grimness may
Be but the baby in the mask.

Behind grey hairs and furrow'd brow
And wither'd look that life puts on
Each, as he wears it, comes to know
How the child hides, and is not gone.

For while the inexorable years
To sadden'd features fit their mould,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow old.

The rifted pine upon the hill,
Scarr'd by the lightning and the wind,
Through bolt and blight doth nurture still
Young fibres underneath the rind;

And many a storm-blast, fiercely sent,
And wasted hope, and sinful stain,
Roughen the strange integument
The struggling soul must wear in pain.

Yet, when she comes to claim her own,
Heaven's angels haply shall not ask
For that last look the world hath known,—
But for the face behind the mask.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Born at Hingham, Mass: 1825—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(*An Horatian Ode.*)

NOT as when some great Captain falls
In battle, where his Country calls,
Beyond the struggling lines
That push his dread designs

To doom, by some stray ball struck dead:
Or, in the last charge, at the head
Of his determined men,
Who *must* be victors then!

Nor as when sink the civic Great,
The safer pillars of the State,
Whose calm, mature, wise words
Suppress the need of swords!—

With no such tears as e'er were shed
Above the noblest of our Dead
Do we to-day deplore
The Man that is no more!

Our sorrow hath a wider scope,
Too strange for fear, too vast for hope,—
A Wonder, blind and dumb,
That waits—what is to come!

Not more astounded had we been
If Madness, that dark night, unseen,
Had in our chambers crept,
And murder'd while we slept!

We woke to find a mourning Earth—
Our Lares shiver'd on the hearth,—
The roof-tree fallen,—all
That could affright, appall!

Such thunderbolts, in other lands,
Have smitten the rod from royal hands,
But spared, with us, till now,
Each laurel'd Cæsar's brow!

No Cæsar he, whom we lament,
A Man without a precedent,
Sent, it would seem, to do
His work—and perish too!

Not by the weary cares of State,
The endless tasks, which will not wait,
Which, often done in vain,
Must yet be done again:

Not in the dark, wild tide of War,
Which rose so high, and roll'd so far,
Sweeping from sea to sea
In awful anarchy:—

Four fateful years of mortal strife,
Which slowly drain'd the Nation's life,
(Yet, for each drop that ran
There sprang an armed man!)

Not then;—but when by measures meet,—
By victory, and by defeat,—
By courage, patience, skill,
The People's fix'd "*We will!*"

Had pierced, had crush'd Rebellion dead,—
Without a Hand, without a Head:—
At last, when all was well,
He fell—O, *how* he fell!

The time,—the place,—the *stealing* Shape,—
The coward shot,—the swift escape,—
The wife—the widow's scream,—
It is a hideous Dream!

A Dream?—what means *this* pageant, then?
These multitudes of solemn men,

Who speak not when they meet,
But throng the silent street?

The flags half-mast, that late so high
Flaunted at each new victory?
(The stars no brightness shed,
But bloody looks the red!)

The black festoons that stretch for miles,
And turn the streets to funeral aisles?
(No house too poor to show
The Nation's badge of woe!)

The cannon's sudden, sullen boom,—
The bells that toll of death and doom,—
The rolling of the drums,—
The dreadful Car that comes?

Cursed be the hand that fired the shot!
The frenzied brain that hatch'd the plot!
Thy Country's Father slain
By thee, thou worse than Cain!

Tyrants have fallen by such as thou,
And Good hath follow'd—May it now!
(God lets bad instruments
Produce the best events).

But he, the Man we mourn to-day,
No tyrant was: so mild a sway
In one such weight who bore
Was never known before!

Cool should he be, of balanced powers,
The Ruler of a Race like ours,
Impatient, headstrong, wild,—
The Man to guide the Child!

And this *he* was, who most unfit
(So hard the sense of God to hit!)
Did seem to fill his Place.
With such a homely face,—

Such rustic manners,—speech uncouth,—
(That somehow blunder'd out the Truth!)
Untried, untrain'd to bear
The more than kingly Care?

Ay! And his genius put to scorn
The proudest in the purple born,
Whose wisdom never grew
To what, untaught, he knew—

The People, of whom he was one.
No gentleman like Washington,—
(Whose bones, methinks, make room,
To have him in their tomb!)

A labouring man, with horny hands,
Who swung the axe, who till'd his lands,
Who shrank from nothing new,
But did as poor men do!

One of the People! Born to be
Their curious Epitome;
To share, yet rise above
Their shifting hate and love.

Common his mind (it seem'd so then),
His thoughts the thoughts of other men:
Plain were his words, and poor—
But now they will endure!

No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
But prudent, cautious, pliant, still;
Who, since his work was good,
Would do it, as he could.

Doubting, was not ashamed to doubt,
And, lacking prescience, went without:
Often appear'd to halt,
And was, of course, at fault:

Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
And loving both sides, anger'd both:

Was—*not* like Justice, blind,
But watchful, clement, kind.

No hero, this, of Roman mould;
Nor like our stately sires of old:
Perhaps he was not Great—
But he preserved the State!

O honest face, which all men knew!
O tender heart, but known to few!
O Wonder of the Age,
Cut off by tragic Rage!

Peace! Let the long procession come,
For hark!—the mournful, muffled drum—
The trumpet's wail afar,—
And see! the awful Car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom, and bells toll slow:
And go, thou sacred Car,
Bearing our Woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
Whose loyal, sorrowing Cities wait
To honour all they can
The dust of that Good Man!

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain:
The Just, the Wise, the Brave
Attend thee to the grave!

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars!
Salute him once again,
Your late Commander—slain!

Yes! let your tears, indignant, fall,
But leave your muskets on the wall:
Your Country needs you now
Beside the forge, the plough!

(When Justice shall unsheathe her brand,—
If Mercy may not stay her hand,
Nor would we have it so—
She must direct the blow!)

And you, amid the Master-Race,
Who seem so strangely out of place,
Know ye who cometh? He
Who hath declared ye Free!

Bow while the Body passes—Nay,
Fall on your knees, and weep, and pray!
Weep, weep—I would ye might—
Your poor, black faces white!

And, Children! you must come in bands,
With garlands in your little hands,
Of blue, and white, and red,
To strew before the Dead!

So, sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The Fallen to his last repose:
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest Home;

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best:
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid!

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year!

For many a year, and many an Age,
While History on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
Of that Paternal Soul!

BRAHMA'S ANSWER.

Once, when the days were ages,
And the old Earth was young,
The high gods and the sages
From Nature's golden pages
Her open secrets wrung.
Each question'd each to know
Whence came the Heavens above, and whence the Earth below.

Indra, the endless giver
Of every gracious thing
The gods to him deliver,
Whose bounty is the river
Of which they are the spring,—
Indra, with anxious heart,
Ventures with Vivochunu where Brahma is apart.

"Brahma! Supremest Being!
By whom the worlds are made,—
Where we are blind, all-seeing,—
Stable, where we are fleeing,
Of Life and Death afraid,—
Instruct us, for mankind,
What is the body, Brahma! O Brahma! what the mind!"

Hearing as though he heard not,
So perfect was his rest,
So vast the Soul that err'd not,
So wise the lips that stirr'd not,—
His hand upon his breast
He laid, whereat his face
Was mirror'd in the river that girt that holy Place!

They question'd each the other
What Brahma's answer meant.
Said Vivochunu—"Brother!
Through Brahma the great Mother

Hath spoken her intent:
Man ends as he began—
The shadow on the water is all there is of Man!"

"The Earth with woe is cumber'd,
And no man understands;
They see their days are number'd
By one that never slumber'd
Nor stay'd his dreadful hands.
I see with Brahma's eyes,—
The body is the shadow that on the water lies."

Thus Indra, looking deeper,
With Brahma's self possess'd.
So dry thine eyes, thou weeper!
And rise again, thou sleeper!
The hand on Brahma's breast
Is his divine assent,
Covering the soul that dies not. This is what Brahma meant.

A CATCH.

ONCE the head is gray
And the heart is dead
There's no more to do:
Make the man a bed
Six foot under ground,—
There he'll slumber sound.

Golden was my hair,
And my heart did beat
To the viol's voice
Like the dancer's feet.
Not colder now his blood
Who died before the flood.

Fair, and fond, and false,
Mother, wife, and maid,—

Never lived a man
  They have not betray'd.
None shall 'scape my mirth
But old Mother Earth.

Safely housed with her,
  With no company
But my brother Worm,
  Who will feed on me,
I shall slumber sound
Deep down under ground.

THE DYING LOVER.

THE grass that is under me now
  Will soon be over me: Sweet!
When you walk this way again
  I shall not hear your feet.

You may walk this way again
  And shed your tears like dew:
They will be no more to me then
  Than mine are now to you.

UNDER THE ROSE.

SHE wears a rose in her hair,
  At the twilight's dreamy close:
Her face is fair, how fair
    Under the rose!

I steal like a shadow there,
  As she sits in rapt repose,
And whisper my loving prayer
    Under the rose.

She takes the rose from her hair,
  And her colour comes and goes,
And I,—a lover will dare
    Under the rose.

ELIZABETH DREW BARSTOW STODDARD.

Born at Mattapoisett, Mass: 1823.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

I FEEL the breath of the Summer Night,
Aromatic fire:
The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir
With tender desire.

The white moths flutter about the lamp,
Enamour'd with light;
And a thousand creatures softly sing
A song to the Night.

But I am alone, and how can I sing
Praises to thee?
Come, Night! unveil the beautiful soul
That waiteth for me.

MERCEDES.

UNDER a sultry, yellow sky,
On the yellow sand I lie;
The crinkled vapours smite my brain,
I smoulder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies,—
He knows where the red gold lies;
He knows where the diamonds shine:
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings,—
In her court a palm tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground,
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup,—
With my hand I crush it up,
I tear its flaming leaves apart:
Would that I could tear her heart!

Last night a man was at her gate:
In the hedge I lay in wait:
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fire-flies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day,
Then I rose and stole away;
But left my dagger in her gate;—
Now she knows her lover's fate.

ON THE CAMPAGNA.

Stop on the Appian Way,
In the Roman Campagna,—
Stop at my tomb,
The tomb of Cecilia Metella!
To-day as you see it
Alaric saw it, ages ago,
When he, with his pale-visaged Goths,
Sat at the gates of Rome,
Reading his Runic shield.
Odin! thy curse remains.

Beneath these battlements
My bones were stirr'd with Roman pride,
Though centuries before my Romans died:
Now my bones are dust; the Goths are dust.
The river-bed is dry where sleeps the king;
My tomb remains.
When Rome commanded the earth
Great were the Metelli:
I was Metullus' wife;
I loved him,—and I died.
Then with slow patience built he this memorial:
Each century marks his love.

Pass by on the Appian Way
The tomb of Cecilia Metella.
Wild shepherds alone seek its shelter,
Wild buffaloes tramp at its base.
Deep in its desolation,
Deep as the shadow of Rome!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Born in Pennsylvania 1825—

THE BIRTH OF THE PROPHET.

THRICE three moons had wax'd in heaven, thrice three moons had waned away,
Since Abdullah, faint and thirsty, on the Desert's bosom lay
In the fiery lap of summer, the meridian of the day;—
Since from out the sand upgushing, lo! a sudden fountain leapt;
Sweet as musk and clear as amber, to his parching lips it crept.
When he drank, it straightway vanish'd; but his blood its virtue kept.
Ere the morn his forehead's lustre, signet of the Prophet's line,
To the beauty of Amina had transferr'd its flame divine:
Of the germ within her sleeping such the consecrated sign.
And with every moon that faded wax'd the splendour more and more,
Till Amina's beauty lighten'd through the matron veil she wore,
And the tent was fill'd with glory, and of Heaven it seem'd the door.
When her quicken'd womb its burden had matured, and Life began
Struggling in its living prison, through the wide Creation ran
Premonitions of the coming of a God-appointed Man.

For the oracles of Nature recognize a Prophet's birth—
Blossom of the tardy ages, crowning type of human worth,—
And by miracles and wonders he is welcomed to the Earth.

Then the stars in heaven grew brighter, stooping downward from their zones;
Wheeling round the towers of Mecca, sang the moon in silver tones;
And the Kaaba's grisly idols trembled on their granite thrones.

Mighty arcs of rainbow splendour, pillar'd shafts of purple fire,
Split the sky and spann'd the darkness, and with many a golden spire,
Beacon-like, from all the mountains stream'd the lambent meteors higher.

But when first the breath of being to the sacred infant came,
Paled the pomp of airy lustre, and the stars grew dim with shame,
For the glory of his countenance outshone their feebler flame.

Over Nedjid's sands it lighten'd, unto Oman's coral deep,
Startling all the gorgeous regions of the Orient from sleep,
Till, a sun on night new-risen, it illumed the Indian steep.

They who dwelt in Mecca's borders saw the distant realms appear
All around the vast horizon, shining marvellous and clear,
From the gardens of Damascus unto those of Bendemeer.

From the colonnades of Tadmor to the hills of Hadramaut,
Ancient Araby was lighted, and her sands the splendour caught,
Till the magic sweep of vision overtook the track of Thought.

Such on Earth the wondrous glory, but beyond the sevenfold skies

God His mansions fill'd with gladness, and the seraphs saw arise
Palaces of pearl and ruby from the founts of Paradise.
As the surge of heavenly anthems shook the solemn midnight air,
From the shrines of false religions came a wailing of despair,
And the fires on Pagan altars were extinguish'd everywhere.
'Mid the sounds of salutation, 'mid the splendour and the balm,
Knelt the sacred child, proclaiming, with a brow of heavenly calm:
"God is God; there is none other; I his chosen Prophet am!"

THE WISDOM OF ALI.

(An Arab Legend.)

THE Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,
Said—"I am Wisdom's fortress; but the gate
Thereof is Ali." Wherefore, some who heard,
With unbelieving jealousy were stirr'd;
And, that they might on him confusion bring,
Ten of the boldest join'd to prove the thing.
"Let us in turn to Ali go!" they said,—
"And ask if Wisdom should be sought instead
Of earthly riches; then, if he reply
To each of us, in thought, accordantly,
And yet to none, in speech or phrase, the same,
His shall the honour be, and ours the shame."

Now, when the first his bold demand did make,
These were the words which Ali straightway spake:
"Wisdom is the inheritance of those
Whom Allah favours; riches of his foes."

Unto the second he said—"Thyself must be
Guard to thy wealth; but Wisdom guardeth thee."

Unto the third—"By Wisdom wealth is won;
But riches purchased wisdom yet for none."

Unto the fourth—"Thy goods the thief may take;
But into Wisdom's house he can not break."

Unto the fifth—"Thy goods decrease the more
Thou givest; but use enlarges Wisdom's store."

Unto the sixth—"Wealth tempts to evil ways;
But the desire of Wisdom is God's praise."

Unto the seventh—"Divide thy wealth, each part
Becomes a pittance. Give with open heart
Thy wisdom, and each separate gift shall be
All that thou hast, yet not impoverish thee."

Unto the eighth—"Wealth can not keep itself;
But Wisdom is the steward even of pelf."

Unto the ninth—"The camels slowly bring
Thy goods; but Wisdom has the swallow's wing."

And lastly, when the tenth did question make,
These were the ready words which Ali spake—
"Wealth is a darkness which the soul should fear;
But Wisdom is the lamp that makes it clear."

Crimson with shame the questioners withdrew,
And they declared—"The Prophet's words were true;
The mouth of Ali is the golden door
Of Wisdom."

When his friends to Ali bore
These words, he smiled and said: "And should they ask
The same until my dying day, the task
Were easy: for the stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible."

THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

Next to thee, O fair gazelle!
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both I love the Palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both I love the Tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery!

Our tribe is many, our poets vie
With any under the Arab sky;
Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem
Cairo's citadel-diadem
Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance
As the Almehs lift their arms in dance,—

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,
That works in the cells of the blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,
Dreaming where the belovèd may be.

And when the warm south-winds arise,
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs—

Quickening odours, kisses of balm,
That drop in the lap of his chosen Palm.

The sun may flame and the sands may stir,
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O Tree of Love! by that love of thine,
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the sun,
Whereby the woo'd is ever won!

If I were a King, O stately Tree!
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee!

With a shaft of silver, burnish'd bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite:

With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase:

And there the poets, in thy praise,
Should night and morning frame new lays—

New measures sung to tunes divine;
But none, O Palm! should equal mine!

BEDOUIN SONG.

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire!
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.

Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold.

WIND AND SEA.

THE Sea is a jovial comrade,
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose;
He lays himself down at the feet of the Sun,
And shakes all over with glee,
And the broad-back'd billows fall faint on the shore,
In the mirth of the mighty Sea!

But the Wind is sad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,
But you hear him still complain.
He wails on the barren mountains,
And shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the pine,
And shudders all over the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best,—
The laughter that slips from the Ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the Wind that saddens, the Sea that gladdens,
Are singing the self-same strain!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

Born at Charleston, South Carolina, 1825—

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

MARION show'd me her wedding gown
And her veil of gossamer lace to-night,
And the orange blooms that to-morrow morn
Shall fade in her soft hair's golden light.
But Philip came to the open door;
Like the heart of a wild rose glow'd her cheek,
And they wander'd off through the garden paths,
So blest that they did not care to speak.

I wonder how it seems to be loved;
To know you are fair in some one's eyes;
That upon some one your beauty dawns
Every day as a new surprise.
To know that whether you weep or smile,
Whether your mood be grave or gay,
Somebody thinks you all the while
Sweeter than any flower of May!

I wonder what it would be to love;
That, I think, would be sweeter far—
To know that one out of all the world
Was lord of your life, your king, your star!
They talk of love's sweet tumult and pain;
I am not sure that I understand,
Though—a thrill ran down to my finger-tips,
Once when—somebody—touch'd my hand.

I wonder what it would be to dream
Of a child that might one day be your own,
Of the hidden springs of your life a part,
Flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone.
Marion stoop'd one day to kiss
A beggar's babe, with a tender grace,
While some sweet thought, like a prophecy,
Look'd from her pure Madonna face.

I wonder what it must be to think
To-morrow will be your wedding day,
And, in the radiant sunset glow,
Down fragrant flowery paths to stray,
As Marion does this blessed night
With Philip, lost in a blissful dream.
Can she feel his heart through the silence beat?
Does he see her eyes in the starlight gleam?

Questioning thus, my days go on,
But never an answer comes to me;
All love's mysteries, sweet as strange,
Seal'd away from my life must be.
Yet still I dream, O heart of mine!
Of a beautiful city that lies afar;
And there, sometime, I shall drop the mask,
And be shapely and fair as others are!

OUTGROWN.

Nay, you wrong her, my friend! she's not fickle; her love she has simply outgrown:
One can read the whole matter, translating her heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly? There is much that my heart would say;
And you know we were children together, have quarrell'd and "made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friendship, I venture to tell you the truth,—
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

Five summers ago, when you woo'd her, you stood on the selfsame plane,
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom of her life's early May;
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either: they ever go up or go down;
And hers has been steadily soaring—but how has it been with your own?

She has struggled and yearn'd and aspired, grown purer and wiser each year:
The stars are not farther above you in yon luminous atmosphere!

For she whom you crown'd with fresh roses, down yonder, five summers ago,
Has learn'd that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer; but their vision is clearer as well:
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and his angels have talk'd:
The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walk'd.

And you? Have you aim'd at the highest? Have you, too, aspired and pray'd?
Have you look'd upon evil unsullied? Have you conquer'd it undismay'd?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the months and the years have roll'd on?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth cannot harm you. When to-day in her presence you stood,

Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as
that of her womanhood?

Go, measure yourself by her standard; look back on the
years that have fled!
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of
her girlhood is dead.

She cannot look down to her lover: her love like her soul,
aspires;
He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle
its holy fires.

Now farewell! For the sake of old friendship I have
ventured to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our
earlier youth.

LUCY LARCOM.

Born in Massachusetts 1826—

A LOYAL WOMAN'S NO.

No! is my answer from this cold, bleak ridge,
Down to your valley; you may rest you there:
The gulf is wide, and none can build a bridge
That your gross weight would safely hither bear.

Pity me, if you will! I look at you
With something that is kinder far than scorn,
And think—"Ah, well! I might have grovel'd, too;
I might have walk'd there, fetter'd and forsworn."

I am of nature weak as others are;
I might have chosen comfortable ways;
Once from these heights I shrank, beheld afar,
In the soft lap of quiet easy days.

I might,—I will not hide it,—once I might
Have lost, in the warm whirlpools of your voice,

The sense of Evil, the stern cry of Right;
  But Truth has steer'd me free, and I rejoice.

Not with the triumph that looks back to jeer
  At the poor herd that call their misery bliss;
But as a mortal speaks when God is near,
  I drop you down my answer: it is this:—

I am not yours, because you prize in me
  What is the lowest in my own esteem:
Only my flowery levels can you see,
  Nor of my heaven-smit summits do you dream.

I am not yours, because you love yourself:
  Your heart has scarcely room for me beside.
I will not be shut in with name and pelf;
  I spurn the shelter of your narrow pride!

Not yours,—because you are not man enough
  To grasp your country's measure of a man.
If such as you, when Freedom's ways are rough,
  Cannot walk in them, learn that women can!

Not yours,—because, in this the nation's need,
  You stoop to bend her losses to your gain,
And do not feel the meanness of your deed;—
  I touch no palm defiled with such a stain!

Whether man's thought can find too lofty steeps
  For woman's scaling, care not I to know:
But when he falters by her side, or creeps,
  She must not clog her soul with him to go.

Who weds me must at least with equal pace
  Sometimes move with me at my being's height:
To follow him to his superior place,
  His rarer atmosphere, were keen delight.

You lure me to the valley: men should call
  Up to the mountains, where the air is clear.
Win me and help me climbing, if at all!
  Beyond these peaks great harmonies I hear:—

The morning chaunt of Liberty and Law!
The dawn pours in, to wash out Slavery's blot;
Fairer than aught the bright sun ever saw,
Rises a Nation without stain or spot!

The men and women mated for that time
Tread not the soothing mosses of the plain;
Their hands are join'd in sacrifice sublime;
Their feet firm set in upward paths of pain.

Sleep your thick sleep, and go your drowsy way!
You cannot hear the voices in the air!
Ignoble souls will shrivel in that day;
The brightness of its coming can you bear?

For me, I do not walk these hills alone:
Heroes who pour'd their blood out for the truth,
Women whose hearts bled, martyrs all unknown,
Here catch the sunrise of immortal youth

On their pale cheeks and consecrated brows:—
It charms me not, your call to rest below.
I press their hands, my lips pronounce their vows:
Take my life's silence for your answer—No!

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse!
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbour
Passing nod or answer will refuse,
To her whisper—
"Is there from the fishers any news?"

O, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews;
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,—
Whispering hoarsely—"Fishermen!
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons,—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

THE CURTAIN OF THE DARK.

THE curtain of the dark
  Is pierced by many a rent:
Out of the star-wells, spark on spark
  Trickles through night's torn tent.

Grief is a tatter'd tent
  Where through God's light doth shine:
Who glances up, at every rent
  Shall catch a ray divine.

SLEEP-SONG.

HUSH the homeless baby's crying,
    Tender Sleep!
  Every folded violet
  May the outer storm forget.
Those wet lids with kisses drying,
    Through them creep!

Soothe the soul that lies thought-weary,
    Murmurous Sleep!
  Like a hidden brooklet's song,
  Rippling gorgeous woods among,
Tinkling down the mountains dreary,
    White and steep.

Breathe thy balm upon the lonely,
    Gentle Sleep!
  As the twilight breezes bless
  With sweet scents the wilderness:
Ah, let warm white dove-wings only
    Round them sweep!

O'er the aged pour thy blessing,
    Holy Sleep!
  Like a soft and ripening rain,
  Falling on the yellow grain:

For the glare of suns oppressing,
Pitying weep!

On thy still seas met together,
Charmed Sleep!
Hear them swell a drowsy hymning,
Swans to silvery music swimming,
Floating with unruffled feather
O'er the deep.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

Born at Ogden, New York, 1827—

EVENING AT THE FARM.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes:
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows:
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day;
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the waggon-shed stand yoke and plough;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow;
The cooling dews are falling;—
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
And the whinnying mare her master knows,

When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray,—
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milk-maid goes:
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Looing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;—
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes:
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed;
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling;—
The housewife's hand has turn'd the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose:
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,—
"Co', boss! co', boss; co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

MIDWINTER.

THE speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him, as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

I watch the slow flakes as they fall
On bank and briar and broken wall;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple-boughs, and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof
The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;
It paves with pearl the garden-walk;
And lovingly round tatter'd stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow;
And the old door-slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows: the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn;

And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark tresses of the pine;
The ragged bramble, dwarf'd and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird;
And heavenly thoughts, as soft and white
As snow-flakes, on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruisèd part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

Born 1829—

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

(*Carmen bellicosum.*)

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the Isles,
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer, roll'd the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly,
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, crack'd the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round our ears.
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangour
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher, burn'd the old-fashion'd fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bare-headed Colonel
Gallop'd through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet-loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden'd at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roar'd the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

HENRY TIMROD.

Born 1829—died 1867.

CHARLESTON.

CALM as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds
The city bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts, stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep,—
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scaur
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war,
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couch'd,
Unseen, beside the flood,—
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouch'd,
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrison'd at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof, and spire, and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the spring dawn, and she still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crown'd isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

THE rain is plashing on my sill,
But all the winds of Heaven are still;
And so, it falls with that dull sound
Which thrills us in the churchyard ground,
When the first spadeful drops like lead
Upon the coffin of the dead.
Beyond my streaming window-pane,
I cannot see the neighbouring vane,
Yet from its old familiar tower
The bell comes, muffled, through the shower.
What strange and unsuspected link
Of feeling touch'd has made me think—
While with a vacant soul and eye
I watch that gray and stony sky—
Of nameless graves on battle-plains,
Wash'd by a single winter's rains,
Where, some beneath Virginian hills,
And some by green Atlantic rills,

Some by the waters of the West,
A myriad unknown heroes rest?
Ah! not the chiefs who, dying, see
Their flags in front of victory,
Or, at their life-blood's noblest cost
Paid for a battle nobly lost,
Claim from their monumental beds
The bitterest tears a nation sheds.
Beneath yon lonely mound—the spot
By all save some fond few forgot—
Lie the true martyrs of the fight,
Which strikes for freedom and for right.
Of them, their patriot zeal and pride,
The lofty faith that with them died,
No grateful page shall further tell
Than that so many bravely fell;
And we can only dimly guess
What worlds of all this world's distress,
What utter woe, despair, and dearth,
Their fate has brought to many a hearth.
Just such a sky as this should weep
Above them, always, where they sleep;
Yet, haply, at this very hour,
Their graves are like a lover's bower;
And Nature's self, with eyes unwet,
Oblivious of the crimson debt
To which she owes her April grace,
Laughs gayly o'er their burial-place.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Born at Winchester, Virginia, 1830—

MAY.

HAS the old glory pass'd
From tender May—
That never the echoing blast
Of bugle-horns merry, and fast
Dying away like the past,
Welcomes the day?

Has the old beauty gone
From golden May—
That not any more at dawn
Over the flowery lawn,
Or knolls of the forest withdrawn,
Maids are at play?

Is the old freshness dead
Of the fairy May?—
Ah! the sad tear-drops unshed!
Ah! the young maidens unwed!
Golden locks—cheeks rosy red—
Ah! where are they?

PAUL H. HAYNE.

Born at Charleston, South Carolina, 1831—

THE GOLDEN AGE.

A SHIP with lofty prow came down
To Latium's strand—
A God had burst from sever'd chains,
To rule the land.

Plenty and smiling Peace sprung up
Beneath his tread,—
Earth blossom'd like Hesperian fields,—
Discord was dead.

Heaven with its calm supernal light
Had bless'd the spot,—
And Misery in the enchanted realm
Durst enter not.

Life pass'd away like holy dreams
On spring-tide eves,—
And melted as the sunset melts
From violet leaves.

From haunted wood-shades genii flew,
In twilight dim,—

Nature and human hearts drank deep
Their 'wildering hymn.

Earth, air, and heaven, entrancèd were,—
A cloudless clime
Hung, like transparent dews, around
That Golden Time.

Those golden years have pass'd, to come
In purer light,—
Their hopes that sleep, but are not dead,
Will chase the night.

Time from the dungeon vault of Sin
Will strongly burst,
And glorious in his wrath cast off
His chains accurst.

A God will reach from viewless realms
This mortal shore,—
And dark-robed Misery flee his face
For evermore.

THE WHY OF A BLUSH.

Two maples by the cottage porch
Grew crimson in the sunset light;
Was it their leaves' reflected glow
Which made her perfect face so bright?

I led her gently down the steps,
And down the pathway's flickering shade,
But still o'er tender cheek and brow
The same deep radiance warmly play'd.

"Enough, O Sweet!" I whisper'd low;
"That heart is mine I yearn'd to win:
No sunset flush, but love's pure dawn,
Breaks from the kindled soul within!"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Born at Hartford, Conn: 1833—

HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY.

JOHN BROWN in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer,
Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart men of might.
There he spoke aloud for freedom, and the Border-strife grew warmer,
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the night;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Came homeward in the morning—to find his house burn'd down.

Then he grasp'd his trusty rifle and boldly fought for freedom;
Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading band;
And he and his brave boys vow'd—so might Heaven help and speed 'em!—
They would save those grand old prairies from the curse that blights the land;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his ramrod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men, and they labour'd day and even,
Saving Kansas from its peril; and their very lives seem'd charm'd,
Till the ruffians kill'd one son, in the blessed light of Heaven,—
In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journey'd all unarm'd;

Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frown'd a terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy,—not amid the heat of battle,
But in peace, behind his ploughshare,—and they loaded him with chains,
And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad their cattle,
Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out his brains;
Then Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,
He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed and torn him so;
He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day and night; he
Would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow for blow,
That Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town!

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue eye grew wilder,
And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle from afar;
And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife wax'd milder,
Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border War,
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,

Had gone crazy, as they reckon'd by his fearful glare and frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes behind him,
Slipt off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born,
Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where to find him,
Or whether he'd turn'd parson, or was jacketed and shorn;
For Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels, and such trifles;
But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,
Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharp's rifles;
And eighteen other madmen join'd their leader there again.
Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"Boys! we've got an army large enough to march and take the town.

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes and then arm them;
Carry the County and the State, ay! and all the potent South.
On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise to harm them—
These Virginians! who believed not, nor would heed the warning mouth!"
Says Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John Brown!"

'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday:
"This good work"—declared the captain—"shall be on a holy night!"—
It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon of Monday,
With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates—black and white,
Captain Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
March'd across the bridged Potomac, and knock'd the sentry down;

Took the guarded armoury-building, and the muskets and the cannon;
Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by one;
Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on,
And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done.
Mad Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took the town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder made he;
It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's *coup d'état.*
"Cut the wires! Stop the rail-cars! Hold the streets and bridges!" said he;
Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding star:—
This Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown;
And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here and thither;
And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charlestown Volunteers
And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hasten'd whither
Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers.

General Brown!
Osawatomie Brown!!
Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from Old Brown's durance,
And the effervescent valour of the Chivalry broke out,
When they learn'd that nineteen madmen had the marvellous assurance—
Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them straight about;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Found an army come to take him, encamp'd around the town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mention'd, was too risky;
So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government Marines,
Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls with Bourbon whiskey,
Till they batter'd down Brown's castle with their ladders and machines;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!
In they rush'd and kill'd the game, shooting lustily away;
And whene'er they slew a rebel, those who came too late for slaying,
Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in his clay;
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they hasten'd on the trial;
How Old Brown was placed, half dying, on the Charlestown court-house floor;
How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial;
What the brave old madman told them,—these are known the country o'er.
"Hang Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown!"—
Said the judge—"and all such rebels!" with his most judicial frown.

But, Virginians! don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first pour'd by Southern hands;
And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your slave-worn lands?
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when you've nail'd his coffin down!

November, 1859.

PAN IN WALL STREET.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations,—
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations,—
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely toll'd
From Trinity's undaunted steeple;—

Even there I heard a strange wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamour,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer,
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it still'd the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ play'd,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashion'd
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassion'd.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had cross'd the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times,—to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head:
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting:
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were cross'd, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patch'd of divers hues,
Conceal'd his crooked shanks beneath them.

He fill'd the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes look'd around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stay'd to list,—
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,—
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tatter'd cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea join'd the throng,—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus stagger'd out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a pea-nut girl
Like little Fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper.

And still the gathering larger grew,
  And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
  His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
  With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
  Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
  Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands,—
  Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I;—but among us trod
  A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoff'd the vagrant demigod,
  And push'd him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry—
  "Great Pan is dead!"—and all the people
Went on their ways:—and clear and high
  The quarter sounded from the steeple.

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!
At what age does Love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen!
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger lass than I!"

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face!
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire,
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,—
"Youth may pass and strength may die;
But of Love I can't foretoken:
Ask some older sage than I!"

THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes bitten,
Than I, who stepp'd before them all
Who long'd to see me get the mitten.

But no! she blush'd and took my arm:
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,—
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seem'd all transform'd and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet shelter'd sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff,—
O sculptor! if you could but mould it!—
So lightly touch'd my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reach'd the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home:
Her dimpled hand the latches finger'd,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we linger'd.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned!" dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud pass'd kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet rosy darling mouth—I kiss'd her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill,
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

HELEN FISKE JACKSON.*

Born at Amherst, Mass: 1833—5.

CORONATION.

At the king's gate the subtle noon
  Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;
Into the drowsy snare too soon
  The guards fell, one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestion'd then,
  A beggar went, and laugh'd—"This brings
"Me chance, at last, to see if men
  "Fare better, being kings!"

The king sate bow'd beneath his crown,
  Propping his face with listless hand;
Watching the hour-glass sifting down
  Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man! what wouldst thou have of me?"
  The beggar turn'd, and, pitying,
Replied, like one in a dream—"Of thee
  "Nothing: I want the king!"

Uprose the king, and from his head
  Shook off the crown, and threw it by:
"O man! thou must have known"—he said—
  "A greater king than I!"

Through all the gates, unquestion'd then,
  Went king and beggar, hand in hand.
Whisper'd the king—"Shall I know when
  "Before his throne I stand?"

The beggar laugh'd. Free winds in haste
  Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced:—
  "This is his presence now!"

* See Note 25.

At the king's gate the crafty noon
  Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
  The guards wak'd, one by one.

"Ho here! ho there! Has no man seen
  "The king?" The cry ran to and fro;
Beggar and king, they laugh'd, I ween,
  The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
  The king came not. They call'd him dead;
And made his eldest son one day
  Slave in his father's stead.

SPINNING.

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
    I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
    Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
    Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
    And laid within
My hand the thread, and said—"Since you
"Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
    And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
    And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place
In some great fabric to endure,
Past time and race,
My threads will have: so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think perhaps this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,—
So young, I heard
It, knowing not that God's name sign'd
My brow and seal'd me His though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign,
Within, without,
It matters not: the bond divine
I never doubt.
I know He sat me here, and still
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear the finish'd web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun—
"Thou poor blind spinner! work is done!"

TRYST.

SOMEWHERE thou awaitest,
And I, with lips unkiss'd,
Weep that thus to latest
Thou puttest off our tryst.

The golden bowls are broken,
The silver cords untwine;
Almond flowers in token
Have bloom'd—that I am thine.

Others who would fly thee
In cowardly alarms,
Who hate thee and deny thee,
Thou foldest in thine arms.

How shall I intreat thee
No longer to withhold?
I dare not go to meet thee
O lover far and cold!

O lover! whose lips chilling
So many lips have kiss'd,
Come, even if unwilling,
And keep thy solemn tryst.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Born at New York 1834—died 1865.

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed—
"Let us be happy down here below!
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"—
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:
"Learn while you're young!" he often said,
"There is much to enjoy, down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school . . .
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Beside, it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant, down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"—
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little,"—he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"—
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipp'd back to a neighbour's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted, here below;
"Who has no cronies, had better be dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirr'd his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipp'd, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles:
"I'm a pretty old man"—he gently said,—
"I have linger'd a long while, here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind play'd in his silvery hair,
Leaving his tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown:
And, feeling the kisses, he smil'd, and said,
"Twas a glorious world, down here below;
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered—"Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bow'd his head . . . .
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,—
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

THE MATRON YEAR.

The leaves that made our forest pathways shady
Begin to rustle down upon the breeze;
The year is fading, like a stately lady
Who lays aside her youthful vanities:
Yet, while the memory of her beauty lingers,
She cannot wear the livery of the old,
So Autumn comes, to paint with frosty fingers,
Some leaves with hues of crimson and of gold.

The Matron's voice fill'd all the hills and valleys
With full-toned music, when the leaves were young;
While now, in forest dells and garden-alleys,
A chirping, reedy song at eve is sung;
Yet sometimes, too, when sunlight gilds the morning,
A carol bursts from some half-naked tree,
As if, her slow but sure decadence scorning,
She woke again the olden melody.

With odorous May-buds, sweet as youthful pleasures,
She made her beauty bright and debonair:
But now, the sad earth yields no floral treasures,
And twines no roses for the Matron's hair:
Still can she not all lovely things surrender;
Right regal is her drapery even now,—
Gold, purple, green, inwrought with every splendour,
And clustering grapes in garlands on her brow!

In June, she brought us tufts of fragrant clover
Rife with the wild bee's cheery monotone,
And, when the earliest bloom was past and over,
Offer'd us sweeter scents from fields new-mown:
Now, upland orchards yield, with pattering laughter,
Their red-cheek'd bounty to the groaning wain,
And heavy-laden racks go creeping after,
Piled high with sheaves of golden-bearded grain.

Erelong, when all to love and life are clinging,
And festal holly shines on every wall,
Her knell shall be the New-Year bells, outringing;
The drifted snow, her stainless burial-pall:
She fades and fails, but proudly and sedately,
This Matron Year, who has such largess given,
Her brow still tranquil, and her presence stately,
As one who, losing earth, holds fast to heaven!

A SENSIBLE SERENADE.

THE surf upon the distant shore is breaking;
Bright tears of dew the roses seem to weep;
But you are prejudiced against awaking,
So I'll sing small, and let you have your sleep!
Sleep, Lady, sleep!

You shall not chide me for this song, love, shall you?
I take great pains my voice subdued to keep,

For well I understand the lofty value
All sane folks set upon a wholesome sleep.
Sleep, Lady, sleep!

Some fellows—at their nonsense oft I wonder—
Sing out with voices strong and loud and deep,
Until their loved ones wish they'd go to thunder,
Or, like myself, sing small, and let them sleep.
Sleep, Lady, sleep!

The grass is wet; I find that I am sneezing;
This kind of thing is getting rather "steep;"
The thought of rheumatism isn't pleasing,
So, with your leave, I'll home to bed and sleep.
Sleep, Lady, sleep!

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

Born at Milton, Indiana, 1835—

RIDING TO VOTE.

(The Old Democrat in the West.)

Yonder the bleak old Tavern stands—the faded sign before,
That years ago a setting sun and banded harvest bore:
The Tavern stands the same to-day—the sign you look upon
Has glintings of the dazzled sheaves, but nothing of the sun.

In Jackson's days a gay young man, with spirit hale and blithe,
And form like the young hickory, so tough and tall and lithe,
I first remember coming up—we came a waggon-load,
A dozen for Old Hickory—this rough November road.

Ah! forty years—they help a man, you see, in getting gray;
They can not take the manly soul, that makes a man, away!
It's forty years, or near: to-day I go to vote once more;
Here, half a mile away, we see the crowd about the door.

My boys, in Eighteen-Sixty—what! my boys? my men, I mean!
(No better men nor braver souls in flesh-and-blood are seen!)
One twenty-six, one twenty-three, rode with their father then:
The ballot-box remembers theirs,—my vote I'll try again!

The ballot-box remember theirs, the country well might know—
Though in a million only two for little seem to go;
But, somehow, when my ticket slipp'd I dream'd of Jackson's day:
The land, I thought, has need of One whose will will find a way!

He did not waver when the need had call'd for steadfast thought—
The word he spoke made plain the deed that lay behind it wrought;
And while I mused the Present fell, and, breathing back the Past,
Again it seem'd the hale young man his vote for Jackson cast!

Thank God it was not lost!—my vote I did not cast in vain!
I go alone to drop my vote—the glorious vote again;
Alone—where three together fell but one to-day shall fall;
But though I go alone to-day, one voice shall speak for all!

For when our men, awaking quick, from hearth and threshold came,
Mine did not say—"Another day!" but started like a flame;
I'll vote for them as well as me; they died as soldiers can,
But in my vote their voices each shall claim the right of man.

The elder left his wife and child—my vote for these shall tell;
The younger's sweetheart has a claim—I'll vote for her as well!
Yes! for the myriad speechless tongues, the myriad offer'd lives,
The desolation at the heart of orphans and of wives!

I go to give my vote alone—I curse your shameless shame
Who fight for traitors here at home in Peace's holy name!
I go to give my vote alone, but even while I do,
I vote for dead and living, all—the living dead and you!

See yonder tree beside the field, caught in the sudden sough,
How conscious of its strength it leans, how straight and steadfast now!
If Lincoln bend (for all, through him, my vote I mean to cast)—
What winds have blown! what storms he's known! the hickory's straight at last!

November, 1864.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SPRING-LEAVES.

UNDERNEATH the beechen tree
All things fall in love with me!
Birds, that sing so sweetly, sung
Ne'er more sweet when I was young;
Some sweet breeze, I *will* not see,
Steals to kiss me lovingly;
All the leaves, so blithe and bright,
Dancing sing in Maying light
Over me—"At last, at last,
He has stolen from the Past."

Wherefore, leaves! so gladly mad?
I am rather sad than glad.

"He is the merry child that play'd
Underneath our beechen shade,
Years ago; whom all things bright
Gladden'd, glad with his delight!"

I am not the child that play'd
Underneath your beechen shade;
I am not the boy ye sung
Songs to, in lost fairy-tongue.
He read fairy dreams below,
Legends leaves and flowers must know;
He dream'd fairy dreams, and ye
Changed to fairies, in your glee
Dancing, singing from the tree;
And awaken'd fairy-land
Circled childhood's magic wand!
Joy swell'd his heart, joy kiss'd his brow;
I am following funerals now.
Fairy shores from Time depart;
Lost horizons flush my heart.
I am not the child that play'd
Underneath your beechen shade.

"'Tis the merry child that play'd
Underneath our beechen shade
Years ago; whom all things bright
Loved, made glad by his delight!"

Ah! the bright leaves will not know
That an old man dreams below!
No; they will not hear nor see,
Clapping their hands at finding me,
Singing, dancing from their tree!
Ah! their happy voices steal
Time away: again I feel,
While they sing to me apart,
The lost child come in my heart:
In the enchantment of the Past,
The old man is the child at last!

THE FIRST TRYST.

SHE pulls a rose from her rose-tree,
Kissing its soul to him,—
Far over years, far over dreams
And tides of chances dim.

He plucks from his heart a poem;
A flower-sweet messenger,—
Far over years, far over dreams,
Flutters its soul to her.

These are the world-old lovers,
Clasp'd in one twilight's gleam:
Yet he is but a dream to her,
And she a poet's dream.

THEODORE TILTON.

Born in New York City 1835—

NO AND YES.

I WATCH'D her at her spinning,
And this was my beginning
Of wooing and of winning.

So cruel, so uncaring,
So scornful was her bearing,
She set me half despairing.

Yet sorry wit one uses,
Who loves, and thinks he loses
Because a maid refuses.

Love prospers in the making
By help of all its aching
And quaking and heart-breaking.

A woman's first denying
Betokens her complying
Upon a second trying.

When first I said in pleading—
"Behold, my love lies bleeding!"
She shook her head unheeding.

But when again I told her,
And blamed her growing colder,
She dropp'd against my shoulder.

Then, with her eyes of splendour,
She gave a look so tender,
I knew she would surrender!

So down the lane I led her,
And while her cheek grew redder,
I sued outright to wed her.

Good end from bad beginning!
My wooing came to winning!
And still I watch her spinning!

SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS.

I won a noble fame;
But, with a sudden frown,
The people snatch'd my crown,
And in the mire trod down
My lofty name.

I bore a bounteous purse,
And beggars by the way
Then bless'd me day by day;
But I, grown poor as they,
Have now their curse.

I gain'd what men call friends;
But now their love is hate,
And I have learn'd too late
How mated minds unmate,
And friendship ends.

I clasp'd a woman's breast,
As if her heart I knew,

Or fancied would be true;
Who proved, alas! she too,
False like the rest.

I am now all bereft,—
As when some tower doth fall,
With battlements and wall,
And gate and bridge and all,—
And nothing left.

But I account it worth
All pangs of fair hopes cross'd—
All loves and honours lost—
To gain the heavens at cost
Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined
To render ill for ill—
Henceforth in me instill,
O God! a sweet good will
To all mankind.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Born at Calais, Maine, 1835—

MAGDALEN.

If any woman of us all,
If any woman of the street,
Before the Lord should pause and fall,
And with her long hair wipe His feet,—

He whom with yearning hearts we love,
And fain would see with human eyes
Around our living pathway move,
And underneath our daily skies,—

The Maker of the heavens and earth,
The Lord of life, the Lord of death,
With whom the universe had birth—
But breathing of our breath one breath,—

If any woman of the street
  Should kneel and with the lifted mesh
Of her long tresses wipe His feet,
  And with her kisses kiss their flesh,—

How round that woman would we throng,
  How willingly would clasp her hands
Fresh from that touch divine, and long
  To gather up the twice-blest strands!

How eagerly with her would change
  Our idle innocence, nor heed
Her shameful memories and strange,
  Could we but also claim that deed.

THE NIGHT-SEA.

In the summer even,
  While yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies,
  Till my love should come to shore.

The fishing lights their dances
  Were keeping out at sea,
And "Come!" I sang—"my true love!
  Come hasten home to me!"

But the sea it fell a-moaning,
  And the white gulls rock'd thereon,
And the young moon dropp'd from heaven,
  And the lights hid one by one.

All silently their glances
  Slipp'd down the cruel sea,
And—"Wait!" cried the night, and wind, and storm,—
  "Wait till I come to thee!"

A SIGH.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savour—
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
With a hand as chill,—
Ah! the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays, and thrills them still!

Wither'd, faded, press'd between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold,—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Can not make it old.

CELIA LEIGHTON THAXTER.

Born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1835—

THE MINUTE-GUNS.

I stood within the little cove,
Full of the morning's life and hope,
While heavily the eager waves
Charged thunderingly up the rocky slope.

The splendid breakers! How they rush'd,
All emerald green and flashing white,
Tumultuous in the morning sun,
With cheer and sparkle and delight.

And freshly blew the fragrant wind,
The wild seawind across their tops,
And caught the spray and flung it far
In sweeping showers of glittering drops.

Within the cove all flash'd and foam'd
With many a fleeting rainbow hue;
Without, gleam'd bright against the sky
A tender wavering line of blue,

Where toss'd the distant waves, and far
Shone, silver white, a quiet sail;
And overhead the soaring gulls
With graceful pinions stemm'd the gale.

And all my pulses thrill'd with joy,
Watching the winds' and waters' strife,
With sudden rapture,—and I cried—
"O, sweet is life! Thank God for life!"

Sail'd any cloud across the sky,
Marring this glory of the sun's?—
Over the sea, from distant forts,
There came the boom of minute-guns!

War tidings! Many a brave soul fled,
And many a heart the message stuns!—
I saw no more the joyous waves;
I only heard the minute-guns.

MEDRAKE AND OSPREY.

MEDRAKE, waving wide wings low over the breeze-rippled bight!
Osprey, soaring superb overhead in the fathomless blue,
Graceful, and fearless, and strong! do you thrill with the morning's delight
Even as I? Brings the sunshine a message of beauty for you?

O the blithe breeze of the west, blowing sweet from the far away land,
Bowing the grass heavy-headed, thick-crowding, so slender and proud!

O the warm sea sparkling over with waves by the swift wind fann'd!
O the wide sky crystal clear, with bright islands of delicate cloud!

Feel you the waking of life in the world lock'd so long in the frost,
Beautiful birds, with the light flashing bright from your banner-like wings?
Osprey, soaring so high, in the deeps of the sky half lost!
Medrake, hovering low where the sandpiper's sweet note rings!

Nothing am I to you, a blot, perhaps, on the day;
Naught do I add to your joy, but precious you are in my sight;
And you seem on your glad wings to lift me up into the ether away,
And the morning divine is more radiant because of your glorious flight.

SONG.

We sail tow'rd evening's lonely star
That trembles in the tender blue:
One single cloud, a dusky bar,
Burnt with dull carmine through and through,
Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west.
How sweet to watch its splendours die,
Wave-cradled thus and wind-caress'd.

The soft breeze freshens, leaps the spray
To kiss our cheeks, with sudden cheer:
Upon the dark edge of the bay
Lighthouses kindle, far and near,
And through the warm deeps of the sky
Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
In deep refreshment, thou and I,
Wave-cradled thus and wind-caress'd.

How like a dream are earth and heaven
  Starbeam and darkness, sky and sea:
Thy face, pale in the shadowy even
  Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me!
O realize the moment's charm,
  Thou dearest! We are at life's best,—
Folded in God's encircling arm,
  Wave-cradled thus and wind-caress'd.

JOHN AYLMERE DORGAN.

Born 1836—died 1867.

THE KISS.

THE lyre I bear—so sweet of sound—
I dash it on the frozen ground,
For idle are its golden chords,
And vain of song the burning words.

I kiss thee; let my kiss avail,
Where speech and music both must fail,
To tell the love, which else from thee
A secret evermore must be!

A FAREWELL.

FAINT splendours of the night of June,
Sweet radiance of the summer moon,
Upon thy pathway dwell!
Farewell, Estelle! farewell!

Dim fragrance of the violet,
And of the briar-rose dew-wet,
Breathe from the shadowy dell!
Farewell, Estelle! farewell!

Far murmurs of the summer trees,
And voices low of dreamy seas,
Around thee sink and swell!
Farewell, Estelle! farewell!

And ever sweet, by thee be heard
The hum of bee, and song of bird,
And sound of holy bell!
Farewell, Estelle! farewell!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1836—

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

WHEN *the Sultan Shah-Zaman*
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the cluster'd palm-trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace-gates,
The pet of the harem, *Rose-in-Bloom,*
Orders a feast in his favourite room,—
Glittering squares of colour'd ice,
Sweeten'd with syrup, tinctured with spice,
Creams, and cordials, and sugar'd dates,
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes;
And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
Of spiced meats and costliest fish
And all that the curious palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the cedarn doors:
Scatter'd over mosaic floors
Are anemones, myrtles, and violets,
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of a hundred colours into the air.
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
And stains with the henna-plant the tips
Of her pearly nails, and bites her lips
Till they bloom again,—but, alas, *that* rose

Not for the Sultan buds and blows!
Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman
When he goes to the city Ispahan.

Then at a wave of her sunny hand,
The dancing-girls of Samarcand
Float in like mists from Fairy-land!
And to the low voluptuous swoons
Of music rise and fall the moons
Of their full brown bosoms. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes:
And there, in this Eastern Paradise,
Fill'd with the fumes of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan;
And her Arab lover sits with her.
That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.

Now, when I see an extra light
Flaming, flickering on the night,
From my neighbour's casement opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan.

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS.

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings,
Good-night to fond up-lifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth
And all the sweetness nestled there,—
The snowy hand detains me,—then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love!
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieus. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blush'd yourself to death
To own so much a year ago.
What, both these snowy hands! ah, then,
I'll have to say Good-night again!

TIGER-LILIES.

I LIKE not lady-slippers,
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red, or white as snow;
I like the chaliced *lilies*,
The heavy *Eastern lilies*,
The gorgeous *tiger-lilies*,
That in our garden grow!

For they are tall and slender;
Their mouths are dash'd with carmine,
And, when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful,—
They are Circassian women,
The favourites of the Sultan,
Adown our garden walks!

And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window
And watch them glow and glisten,—
How they burn and glow!
O for the burning lilies,
The tender Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow!

WILLIAM WINTER.

Born at Gloucester, Mass: 1836—

LETHE.

(*A Song of Rest.*)

Sweet oblivion! blood of grape!
Let me take thy hue and shape;
Flood this weary heart of mine;
Change it into ruddy wine;
Through my veins, with golden glow,
Fiery spirit! flash and flow;
Deify this clod of clay,
And waft my willing soul away.

Sick and sad my fancies are,—
Tired of peace and tired of war;
Joke of jester, prank of clown
Weigh my heavy eyelids down;
All philosophies are drear;
Music's jargon in my ear;
Endless tides of empty talk
Bubble round me where I walk;
I am deafen'd by the din
That the world is wrangling in;
I am tired of woe and bliss;
I am sick of all that is!

God of sunrise! purple wine!
Let me lose my soul in thine;
Close my eyes and stop my ears
To all a mortal sees and hears:—
Roll of drums and clash of swords,
Fretful snarl of angry words,
Church and state and bond and free,
Party, creed, and policy,
Tattle, prattle, laugh, and groan,
Crozier, sceptre, flag, and throne,
Foolish press, and grand debate
Which of moles is small or great,

Who shall be pray'd for, who shall pray,
And what the foreign critics say.
All avails not; might is right;
Life is vapid—day is night.

Sun of rubies! fiery wine!
Burn my being into thine:
So my dream of death shall bless
Memory with forgetfulness.
No more weary, wasting thought
On a past so folly-fraught!
No more dreams of love-lit eyes,
And silken hair, and tender sighs,
And kisses, wild and sweet, that shake
The frame of being!—poor mistake!
Nor that other, just as poor,—
Toil for praise of sage or boor;
Fire, that burnishes a crown,
Fire, that burns a kingdom down,
Fire, that ravages his breast
Who takes ambition for his guest!—
But at last, instead of these,
Sunset cloud, and evening breeze,
Holy starlight shining dim,
Organ wail, and vesper hymn,
Cypress wreath, and asphodels,
Gentle toll of distant bells,—
All that makes the sleeper blest,
In a bed of endless rest.

When this farce of life is o'er,
Are we fretted any more?
Do they rest, I'd like to know,
Under grass or under snow,
Who have gone that quiet way
You and I must go, some day?
If they do, it seems to me
Happy were it thus to be
Sleeping where the blackberries grow,
And the bramble-roses blow,

And the sunshine pours its gold
On mossy rock and woodland old,
While gentle winds and clouds of fleece
And rippling waters whisper—Peace!

Vain the fancy: nothing dies:
Falling water falls to rise;
Round and round the atoms fly,—
Turf and stone and sea and sky,
Vapour-drop and blood of man,—
In the inexorable plan.
All is motion: nothing dies:
Mystery of mysteries.

Royal road of blest escape!
Sweet oblivion! blood of grape!
Let me take thy hue and shape:
In thy spirit floating free,
I shall be a revery,
A flitting thought, a fading dream,
A melting cloud, a faint moonbeam,
A breath, a mist, a ghost of light,
To rise and vanish in the night,—
Unseeing all, by all unseen,
And being as I had not been.

LOVE'S QUESTION.

Because love's sigh is but a sigh,
Doth it the less love's heart disclose?
Because the rose must fade and die,
Is it the less the lovely rose?
Because black night must shroud the day,
Shall the brave sun no more be gay?

Because chill autumn frights the birds,
Shall we distrust that spring will come?
Because sweet words are only words,
Shall love for evermore be dumb?
Because our bliss is fleeting bliss,
Shall we who love forbear to kiss?

Because those eyes of gentle mirth
Must some time cease my heart to thrill,
Because the sweetest voice on earth
Sooner or later must be still,
Because its idol is unsure,—
Shall my strong love the less endure?

Ah no! let lovers breathe their sighs,
And roses bloom, and music sound,
And passion burn on lips and eyes,
And pleasure's merry world go round:
Let golden sunshine flood the sky,—
And let me love, or let me die!

LOVE'S QUEEN.

He loves not well whose love is bold!
I would not have thee come too nigh.
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
Unless the sun were in the sky:
To take him thence and chain him near
Would make his beauty disappear.

He keeps his state,—do thou keep thine,
And shine upon me from afar!
So shall I bask in light divine
That falls from Love's own guiding-star.
So shall thy eminence be high,
And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life shall reach its hands
Of lofty longing tow'rd thy face,
And be as one who speechless stands
In rapture at some perfect grace.
My love, my hope, my all, shall be
To look to heaven and look to thee.

Thine eyes shall be the heavenly lights;
Thy voice shall be the summer breeze,

What time it sways, on moonlit nights,
The murmuring tops of leafy trees;
And I will touch thy beauteous form
In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shalt come not down
From that pure region far above;
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,
Queen of my heart and queen of love!
A monarch in thy realm complete,
And I a monarch at thy feet!

THE LAST SCENE.

HERE she lieth, white and chill;
Put your hand upon her brow:
Her sad heart is very still,
And she does not know you now.

Ah! the grave's a quiet bed:
She will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And the tears that you may shed
Will not wake her,—therefore weep!

Weep!—for you have wrought her woe;
Mourn!—she mourn'd and died for you:
Ah! too late we come to know
What is false and what is true.

RUE.

THE autumn wind is moaning in the leaves,
And the long grass is rustling on my grave:
Ah! would you have me think your heart now grieves
For her you would not save?

For I am dead: know you not I am dead?
Why will you haunt me in my grave to-night,
Standing above and listening overhead,
Where I am buried deep and out of sight?

Have you not wine and music, in your home,
And the fair form and eyes so pure and proud
With love of you? and wherefore do you come
To vex me, lying silent in my shroud?

Seek your new love! She calls you, and the tears
Are warm on her pale face, and her young breast
Is full of doubt and sorrow,—for she hears
Low whisper'd words that startle her from rest.

In from the night! the storm begins to stir.
I will be near, and ghostly eyes shall see
How you will kiss her lips, and say to her—
"Thine always, love!" as once you said to me.

AFTER ALL.

THE apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandsire
Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,
While a gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;
A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come,

Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper,—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee." . . .

The violets star the meadows,
The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still,
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone;
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

1862.

A RELIC.

I WOULD not give this little flower,
Wither'd and wasted though it be,
For the supremest bliss of power,
Or fortune's proudest pageantry.

For in this little flower I hold
A charm from every sin to save;
And when at last my heart is cold,
I trust to wear it in my grave.

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

Born 1837—died 1867.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

(*Jan.* 1, 1863.)

THE Carrier cannot sing to-day the ballads
With which he used to go,
Rhyming the glad rounds of the happy New Years
That are now beneath the snow:

For the same awful and portentous Shadow,
That overcast the earth
And smote the land last year with desolation,
Still darkens every hearth.

And the Carrier hears Beethoven's mighty death-march
Come up from every mart;
And he hears and feels it breathing in his bosom,
And beating in his heart.

And to-day, a scarr'd and weather-beaten veteran,
Again he comes along,
To tell the story of the Old Year's struggles
In another New Year's song.

And the song is his, but not so with the story;
For the story, you must know,
Was told in prose to Assistant-Surgeon Austin,
By a soldier of Shiloh:

By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the *Adams*,
With his death-wound in his side;
And who told the story to the Assistant-Surgeon,
On the same night that he died.

But the singer feels it will better suit the ballad,
If all should deem it right,
To tell the story as if what it speaks of
Had happen'd but last night.—

"Come a little nearer, Doctor!—thank you,—let me take the cup:
Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just another little sup!
May-be you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up,—
Doctor! you've done all you could do, but I'm just a going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir! if you want to, but it ain't much use to try"——
"Never say that!" said the Surgeon, as he smother'd down a sigh;
"It will never do, old comrade! for a soldier to say die!"
"What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor! when you come to die."

"Doctor! what has been the matter?"—"You were very faint, they say;
You must try to get to sleep now."—"Doctor! have I been away!"—
"Not that anybody knows of!"—"Doctor—Doctor! please to stay!
There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;
Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it couldn't ha' been so,—
For as sure as I'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember.—The last time the Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lower'd, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something call'd my name:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—just that way it call'd my name.

"And I wonder'd who could call me so distinctly and so slow,—
Knew it could'nt be the Lighter,—he could not have spoken so,—
And I tried to answer—'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go;
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

"Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine*—and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir! notwithstanding, just the same way as before:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!—

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a Bugle sounding, as from some celestial Tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!
ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON—IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin!—what *day* is this?"—"It is Wednesday night, you know."—
"Yes!—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!
What *time* is it? Doctor Austin!"—"Nearly twelve."—
"Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happen'd—all this—not an hour ago!

"There was where the gunboats open'd on the dark rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost,—
And the same old transport came and took me over—or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there McClernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died,—
Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace show'd them he was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thunder'd, and where Rousseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win—
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

"Now, a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead,—
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

"Death and silence!—Death and silence: all around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty TOWER, as if builded to the dead,—
To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seem'd waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it tower'd—up into the infinite—
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;
For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approach'd it—with a rapt and dazzled stare,—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great Stair,—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—'Halt, and who goes there?'
'I'm a friend'—I said—'if you are.'—'Then advance, sir! to the Stair!'—

"I advanced!—That sentry, Doctor! was Elijah Ballantyne!—
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had form'd the line!—
'Welcome, my old Sergeant! welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasp'd my hand, I shudder'd, thinking only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive:
'That's the way, sir! to Head-quarters.'—'What Head-quarters?'—'Of the Brave.'
'But the great Tower?'—'That'—he answer'd—'is the way, sir! of the Brave!'—

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;
At my own so old and tatter'd, and at his so new and bright;

'Ah!' said he—'you have forgotten the New Uniform
to-night,—
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock
to-night!'—

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting *there*,
and I——
Doctor! did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you
all! Good-bye!
Doctor! please to give my musket and my knapsack, when
I die,
To my Son—my Son that's coming,—he won't get here
till I die!

"Tell him his old father bless'd him as he never did
before,—
And to carry that old musket—— Hark! a knock is at the
door!—
Till the Union—— See! it opens!"—"Father! Father!
speak once more!"—
"*Bless you!*"—gasp'd the old gray Sergeant, and he lay
and said no more!

THE LAST WATCH.

1.

THE stars shine down through the shivering boughs
And the moonset sparkles against the spire;
There is not a light in a neighbour's house,
Save one that burneth low,
And seemeth almost spent!
With shadowy forms in dark attire
Flickering in it to and fro,
As if in pain and doubt——
And heads bow'd down in tears!
Hark!
Was there not lament?——
Behold, behold the light burns out!
The picture disappears!

2.

Ye who with such sleepless sleight,
In the chamber out of sight,
Whispering low,
To and fro
Your swift needles secretly
At the dead of night do ply,—
What is it that ye sew?

3.

"Hark! hark!
Heard ye not the sounds aloof,
As of winds or wings that swept the roof?
Band of heavenly voices blending,
Choir of seraphim ascending?
Hark! hark!"

4.

"Away! away!
Behold, behold it is the day!
Bear her softly out of the door;
And upward, upward, upward soar!"

THE ESTRAY.

"Now tell me, my merry woodman!
Why standest so aghast?"—
"My lord!—'twas a beautiful creature
That hath but just gone past!"—

"A creature—what kind of a creature?"—
"Nay, now, but I do not know!"—
"Humph!—what did it make you think of?"—
"The sunshine or the snow."—

"I shall overtake my horse then."—
The woodman open'd his eye:
The gold fell all around him,
And a rainbow spann'd the sky.

AUTUMN SONG.

In Spring the Poet is glad,
And in Summer the Poet is gay;
But in Autumn the Poet is sad,
And has something sad to say:

For the Wind moans in the Wood,
And the Leaf drops from the Tree;
And the cold Rain falls on the graves of the Good,
And the Mist comes up from the Sea:

And the Autumn Songs of the Poet's soul
Are set to the passionate grief
Of Winds that sough and Bells that toll
The Dirge of the Falling Leaf.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Born in Ohio 1837—

BEFORE THE GATE.

They gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle, after,
And silences, as idle too as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn, late, and loath,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
They reach'd the gate, one sweet spell hinder'd them both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtil anguish
Such as but women know
That wait, and lest love speak or speak not languish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so;

Till he said,—man-like nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women won win themselves with, and bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while,—

"Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it!"—His voice, affrighted
At its own daring, falter'd under his breath.

Then she—whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well—

Shyly drew near, a little step, and mocking,
"Shall we not be too late
For tea?" she said. "I'm quite worn out with walking;
Yes, thanks! your arm! And will you—open the gate?"

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

THE Robin sings in the elm;
The cattle stand beneath,
Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes,
And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listen to the flatter'd bird,
The wise-looking, stupid things!
And they never understand a word
Of all the Robin sings.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

Born at Albany, New York, 1837—

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

WHICH I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah-Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply:
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remark'd to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies:
Which it might be inferr'd
That Ah-Sin was likewise;
Yet he play'd it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah-Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stock'd
In a way that I grieve;
And my feelings were shock'd
At the state of Nye's sleeve,—
Which was stuff'd full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were play'd
By that Heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I look'd up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said—"Can this be?
We are ruin'd by Chinese cheap labour,"—
And he went for that Heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
  I did not take a hand;
But the floor it was strew'd
  Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah-Sin had been hiding,
  In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
  He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
  Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
  What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
  And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
  And for tricks that are vain,
The Heathen Chinee is peculiar:
  Which the same I am free to maintain.

"JIM."

SAY there! P'r'aps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well,—no offence:
Thar ain't no sense
In gittin' riled!

Jim was my chum
  Up on the Bar:
That's why I come
  Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew,—
  Blest if you are!

Money?—Not much:
  That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.
  Rum?—I don't mind,—
Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes;—
Well, that is strange:
  Why, it's two year
  Since he came here,
Sick, for a change.
Well, here's to us:
    Eh?
The h——, you say!
    Dead?—
That little cuss?

What makes you star,—
You over thar?
Can't a man drop
's glass in yer shop
But you must rar'?
  It wouldn't take
  D—— much to break
You and your bar.

    Dead!
Poor—little—Jim!
—Why, thar was me,
Jones, and Bob Lee,
Harry and Ben,—
No-account men:
Then to take *him!*

Well, thar—Good-by,—
No more, sir!—I——
    Eh?

What's that you say?—
Why, dern it!—sho!—
No! Yes! By Jo!
Sold!
Sold! Why, you limb!
You ornery,
Dern'd old
Long-legged Jim!

GRIZZLY.

COWARD,—of heroic size,
In whose lazy muscles lies
Strength we fear and yet despise!
Savage,—whose relentless tusks
Are content with acorn husks!
Robber,—whose exploits ne'er soar'd
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard!
Whisker'd chin, and feeble nose,—
Claws of steel on baby toes,—
Here, in solitude and shade,
Shambling, shuffling, plantigrade,
Be thy courses undismay'd.

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread
Point to hidden Indian springs,
Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,
Hover'd o'er by timid wings,
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,
Where the wild-bee holds her sweets,—
Epicurean retreats,
Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man!

In thy fat-jowl'd deviltry
Friar Tuck shall live in thee;
Thou mayst levy tithe and dole;
Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,

From the pilgrim taking toll;
Match thy cunning with his fear;
Eat, and drink, and have thy fill;
Yet remain an outlaw still.

JOHN HAY.

Born at Salem, Indiana, 1839—

JIM BLUDSO

(of the Prairie Belle).

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso pass'd in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never funk'd, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never know'd how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well,
Never be pass'd on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell,
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore—
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The Movaster was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be pass'd:
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace cramm'd, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turn'd, and made
For that willer-bank on the right:
There was runnin' and cussin', but Jim yell'd out,
Over all the infernal roar—
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word:
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him:
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

LITTLE BREECHES.

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir!
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along,—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,—
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Just to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I pass'd by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarch'd for 'em far and near.
At last we struck horses and waggon,
Snow'd under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope sour'd on me,
Of my fellow-critters' aid,—
I jest flopp'd down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and pray'd.

. . . . .

By this the torches was play'd out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We look'd in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirp'd,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walk'd in that storm.
They jest scoop'd down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a dern'd sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel! hear my story!—

"I loved,—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell.
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against His high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be!
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."—

Then said the pitying angel—"Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial-finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"—

But still she wail'd—"I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"—

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanish'd in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She flutter'd back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobb'd—"I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee,—
She curl'd his hair and kiss'd him. Woe is me!"—

She wept,—"Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin!"—

The angel answer'd—"Nay, sad soul! go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

CINCINNATUS HINER ("JOAQUIN") MILLER.

Born 1840—

*KIT CARSON'S RIDE.**

"Run? Now you bet you; I rather guess so!
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché, boy, whóa!
No, you wouldn't believe it to look at his eyes,
But he is, badger blind, and it happen'd this wise.

* See Note 26.

"We lay in the grasses and the sun-burnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
Northward and southward, and west and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

"We lounged in the grasses—her eyes were in mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine-red, and press'd never by one;
And her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
Burnt brown as it reach'd to the kiss of the sun;
And her words were as low as the lute-throated dove,
And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
In its hot eager answer to earliest love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burthen of sweets.

"We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
And beautiful clover were welded as one,
To the right and the left, in the light of the sun.
'Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon,'—mutter'd bearded Old Revels
As he peer'd at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerk'd at his steed
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropp'd, as if shot, with his ear to the ground;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed,—
'Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle your steed,

And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.'—

"We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinch'd them on, sinch'd them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colts', the companions of years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse—
As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God—without word, or one word of command.
Turn'd head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turn'd head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turn'd head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse.

"Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look nor low call
Of love-note or courage; but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and gray nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind blows:
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breath'd not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

"Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretch'd neck and stretch'd nerve till the arid earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles! . . . a dim distant
speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and look'd to my right—
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns, through the storm of his
mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I look'd but this once, for the fire lick'd through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

"I look'd to my left then—and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, still back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvellous eyes,
With a longing and love, yet with a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed falter'd, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his head,

With a look of delight; for nor courage nor bribe,
Nor naught but my bride, could have brought him to me.
For he was her father's, and at South Santafee
Had once won a whole herd, sweeping every thing down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbour's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos side,
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

"Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts and a sound as of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reach'd around them, and wove her
Red hands in their hair, and kiss'd hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone . . .
And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limb'd,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,

Till the tide block'd up and the swift stream brimm'd
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

"Sell Paché—blind Paché? Now, mister! look here!
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,
For the ways they were rough and Camanches were near;
But you'd better pack up, sir! That tent is too small
For us two after this! Has an old mountaineer,
Do you book-men believe, got no tum-tum at all?
Sell Paché! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
. . . Now pack up your papers, and get up and spin
To them cities you tell of . . . Blast you and your tin!"

JAMES R. RANDALL.

*MARYLAND.**

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That fleck'd the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!

* See Note 27.

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
Remember Howard's warlike thrust;
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come! with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood, at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And give a new key to thy song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain:
"*Sic semper*" is the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek:
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb:
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Born at Fryeburg, Maine, 1840—

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turn'd them into the river lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fasten'd the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently follow'd their sober pace,
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadow'd the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:

Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily follow'd the foot-path damp,

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom,
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain,
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late:
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he open'd the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one.

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass;—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Look'd out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprung to their meeting eyes,—
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they follow'd the cattle home.

BY THE APPLE-TREE.

It was not anger that changed him of late
It was not diffidence made him shy;
Yon branch that has blossom'd above the gate
Could guess the riddle—and so can I.

What does it mean when the bold eyes fall,
And the ready tongue at its merriest trips?
What potent influence holds in thrall
The eager heart and the burning lips?

Ah me! to falter before a girl
Whose shy lids never would let you know
(Save for the lashes' wilful curl)
The pansy-purple asleep below.

Nothing to frighten a man away—
Only a cheek like a strawberry-bed;
Only a ringlet's gold astray,
And a mouth like a baby's, dewy red.

Ah, baby mouth! with your dimpled bloom,
If but yon blossomy apple-bough
Could whisper a secret learn'd in the gloom,
That deepens its blushes even now!

No need, for the secret at last is known
Yet so, I fancy, it might not be
Had he not met her, by chance, alone,
There in the lane, by the apple-tree.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

*THE SPARROW AT SEA.**

AGAINST the baffling winds, with slow advance,
One drear December day,
Up the vex'd Channel, tow'rd the coast of France,
Our vessel urged her way.

Around the dim horizon's misty slopes
The storm its banners hung;
And, pulling bravely at the heavy ropes,
The dripping sailors sung.

A little land-bird, from its home-nest warm,
Bewilder'd, driven, and lost,
With wearied wings, came drifting on the storm,
From the far English coast.

Blown blindly onward with a headlong speed
It could not guide or check,
Seeking some shelter in its utter need,
It dropp'd upon the deck.

Forgetting all its dread of human foes,
Desiring only rest,
It folded its weak wings, and nestled close
And gladly to my breast.

Wherefore—I said—this little flickering life,
Which now all panting lies,
Shall yet forget its peril and its strife,
And soar in sunny skies.

To-morrow, gaining England's shore again,
Its wings shall find their rest;
And soon, among the leaves of some green lane,
Brood o'er a summer nest.

* See Note 28.

And when amid my future wanderings,
My far and devious guest,
I hear a warbling bird, whose carol rings
More sweetly than the rest,—

Then I shall say, with heart awake and warm,
And sudden sympathy,
"It is the bird I shelter'd in the storm,
"The life I saved at sea!"

But when the morning fell across the ship,
And storm and cloud were fled,
The golden beak no longer sought my lip,—
The wearied bird was dead.

The bitter cold, the driving wind and rain,—
Were borne too many hours;
My pity came too late and all in vain,—
Sunshine on frozen flowers.

Thus many a heart which dwells in grief and tears,
Braving and suffering much,
Bears patiently the wrong and pain of years,
But breaks at love's first touch.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Born at Hartford, Conn:

SEMELE.

Spirit of light divine!
Quick breath of power
Breathe on these lips of mine,
Persuade the bud to flower;
Cleave thy dull swathe of cloud! no longer waits the hour.

Exulting, rapturous flame!
Dispel the night.
I dare not breathe thy name,
I tremble at thy light,
Yet come, in fatal strength,—come in all-matchless might!

Burn, as the leaping fire,
A martyr's shroud;
Burn, like an Indian pyre,
With music fierce and loud;
Come, Power! Love calls thee,—come, with all the god endow'd!

Immortal life in death!
On these rapt eyes,
On this quick-failing breath,
In dread and glory rise!
The altar waits this torch,—come, touch the sacrifice!

Come! not with gifts of life,
Not for my good:
My soul hath kept her strife
In fear and solitude:
More blest the inverted torch, the horror-curdled blood.

Better in light to die
Than silent live:
Rend from these lips one cry,
One death-born utterance give!
Then, clay! in fire depart; then, soul! in heaven survive!

"CHE SARA SARA."

She walk'd in the garden
And a rose hung on a tree,
Red as heart's blood,
Fair to see.
"Ah, kind south wind!
"Bend it to me!"
But the wind laugh'd softly,
And blew to the sea.

High on the branches,
Far above her head,
Like a king's cup
Round, and red.
"I am comely"—
The maiden said:
"I have gold like shore-sand,
"I wish I were dead.

"Blushes and rubies
"Are not like a rose,—
"Through its deep heart
"Love-life flows.
"Ah! what splendours
"Can give me repose?
"What is all the world worth?
"I can not reach my rose."

AFTER THE COMANCHÉS.

SADDLE! saddle! saddle!
Mount and gallop away!
Over the dim green prairie
Straight on the track of day:
Spare not spur for mercy!
Hurry with shout and thong!
Fiery and tough is the mustang,
The prairie is wide and long.

Saddle! saddle! saddle!
Leap from the broken door
Where the brute Comanché enter'd
And the white-foot treads no more!
The hut is burn'd to ashes,
There are dead men stark outside,
But only a long dark ringlet
Left of the stolen bride.

Go, like the east wind's howling!
Ride with death behind!
Stay not for food or slumber
Till the thieving wolves ye find!
They came before the wedding,
Swifter than prayer or priest;
The bridemen danced to bullets,
The wild dogs ate the feast.

Look to rifle and powder!
Fasten the knife-belt sure!
Loose the coil of the lasso,—
Make the loop secure!
Fold the flask in the poncho!
Fill the pouch with maize!
And ride as if to-morrow
Were the last of living days!

Saddle! saddle! saddle!
Redden spur and thong!
Ride like the mad tornado!
The track is lonely and long.
Spare not horse nor rider!
Fly for the stolen bride!
Bring her home on the crupper,
A scalp on either side!

NORA PERRY.

IN JUNE.

So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee!

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,
The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere;
So sweet the water's song through reeds and rushes,
The plover's piping note, now here, now there!

So sweet, so sweet, from off the fields of clover,
The west winds blowing, blowing up the hill;
So sweet, so sweet, with news of some one's lover,
Fleet footsteps ringing nearer, nearer still!

So near, so near,—now listen, listen, thrushes!
Now plover! blackbird! cease and let me hear;
And water! hush your song through reeds and rushes,
That I may know whose lover cometh near.

So loud, so loud the thrushes kept their calling,
Plover or blackbird never heeding me;
So loud the millstream too kept fretting, falling,
O'er bar and bank, in brawling, boisterous glee.

So loud, so loud; yet blackbird, thrush, nor plover,
Nor noisy millstream in its fret and fall,
Could drown the voice, the low voice of my lover,
My lover calling through the thrushes' call.

"Come down! come down!"—he call'd, and straight the thrushes
From mate to mate sang all at once—"Come down!"
And while the water laugh'd through reed and rushes,
The blackbird chirp'd, the plover piped—"Come down!"

Then down and off and through the fields of clover
I follow'd, follow'd at my lover's call,—
Listening no more to blackbird, thrush, or plover,
The water's laugh, the mill-stream's fret and fall.

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

Out of the window she lean'd and laugh'd,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet—
Foolish and idle, it dropp'd like a call,
Into the crowded, noisy street.

Up he glanced at the glancing face,
Who had caught the laugh as it flutter'd and fell,

And eye to eye for a moment there
They held each other as if by a spell.

All in a moment passing there—
And into her idle, empty day,
All in that moment something new
Suddenly seem'd to find its way.

And through and through the clamorous hours
That made his clamorous busy day,
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,
Into every bargain found its way.

And through and through the crowd of the streets,
At every window in passing by,
He look'd a moment, and seem'd to see
A pair of eyes like the morning sky.

ROBERT KELLY WEEKS.

Born 1840—

AD FINEM.

I WOULD not have believed it then,
If any one had told me so—
Ere you shall see his face again
A year and more shall go.

And let them come again to-day
To pity me and prophesy,
And I will face them all, and say
To all of them—You lie!

False prophets all! you lie, you lie!
I will believe no word but his;
Will say December is July,
That Autumn April is,

Rather than say he has forgot,
Or will not come who bade me wait,

Who wait him and accuse him not
Of being very late.

He said that he would come in Spring,
And I believed—believe him now,
Though all the birds have ceased to sing
And bare is every bough;

For Spring is not till he appear,
Winter is not when he is nigh—
The only Lord of all my year,
For whom I live—and die!

A PAUSE.

To have the imploring hands of her
Clasp'd on his shoulder, and his cheek
Brush'd over slowly by the stir
Of thrilling hair, and not to speak;

To see within the unlifted eyes
More than the fallen fringes prove
Enough to hide, to see the rise
Of tear-drops in them, and not move;

Would this be strange? And yet at last,
What weary man may not do this,
Seeing when the long pursuit is past,
To only cease how sweet it is?

To only cease and be as one
Who, when the fever leaves him, lies
Careless of what is come or gone,
Which yet he cannot realize;

For all his little thought is spent
In wondering what it was that gave
To be so quiet and content,
While yet he is not in the grave.

WILL CARLETON.

Born at Hudson, Michigan, 1845—

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer! and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out,—
We who have work'd together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" says you. I swan! it's hard to tell?
Most of the years behind us we've pass'd by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talk'd with Betsy, and Betsy has talk'd with me;
And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've catch'd each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kick'd the bucket, for certain—the question was only—How?
I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I fretted because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to ar'ge and something sharp to say,—
And down on us came the neighbours, a couple o' dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary week—
When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the summer and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I've talk'd with Betsy, and Betsy has talk'd with me;
And we have agreed together that we can never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer!—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
For she has help'd to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead: a man can thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never fail'd to say,
That Betsy never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' tol'rable pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir! at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir! but I take no stock in such;
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir! and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mitten'd a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was fluster'd, and fairly taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrel'd, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer! and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarrel'd so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we've quarrel'd here.

HOW BETSY AND I MADE UP.

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer! how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay,
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;

And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipp'd me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was labourin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we miss'd the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turn'd that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsy was good and kind;
And these things they flash'd all through me, as you know things sometimes will,
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and every thing is still.

"But"— says I—"we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft turn back;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two;"
And so I set my teeth together, and vow'd I'd see it through.

When I came in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turn'd a hill-top I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper 's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I cramm'd the agreement down in my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsy she pretended to look about the house,
But she watch'd my side coat-pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I draw'd the agreement out,
An' give it to her without a word, for she know'd what 'twas about,
And then I humm'd a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopp'd up in my throat.

Then Betsy she got her specks from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kiss'd me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, Sir!—I didn't come to inquire—
But I pick'd up that agreement and stuff'd it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said in regard to *heaven*, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it *here on earth*.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night;
And open'd our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was *nothin'* to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an *ancient virgin* took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimm'd and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsy rose politely, and show'd her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do;
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir! a-talking in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer! don't stop short of an X;
Make it *more* if you want to, for I have got the checks;
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

F. F. VICTOR.

NEVADA.

SPHINX! down whose rugged face
The sliding centuries their furrows cleave
By sun and frost and cloud-burst, scarce to leave
Perceptible a trace
Of age or sorrow,
Faint hints of yesterdays with no to-morrow,—
My mind regards thee with a questioning eye,
To know thy secret high.

If Theban mystery,
With head of woman, soaring bird-like wings,
And serpent's tail on lion's trunk, were things
Puzzling in history;
And men invented
For it an origin which represented
Chimera and a monster double-headed,
By myths Phenician wedded,—

Their issue being this—
This most chimerical and wondrous thing
From whose dumb mouth not even the gods could wring
Truth, nor antithesis,—
Then, what I think is,
This creature—being chief among men's sphinxes—
Is eloquent, and overflows with story,
Beside thy silence hoary!

Nevada! desert, waste,
Mighty, and inhospitable, and stern,
Hiding a meaning over which we yearn
In eager panting haste,—
Grasping and losing,
Still being deluded ever by our choosing,—
Answer us, Sphinx! what is thy meaning double
But endless toil and trouble?

Inscrutable! men strive
To rend thy secret from thy rocky breast,—
Breaking their hearts, and periling heaven's rest
For hopes that can not thrive;
Whilst unrelenting,
Upon thy mountain throne, and unrepenting,
Thou sittest, basking in a fervid sun,
Seeing or hearing none.

I sit beneath thy stars—
The shallop moon beach'd on a bank of clouds—
And see thy mountains wrapp'd in shadowy shrouds,
Glad that the darkness bars
The day's suggestion—
The endless repetition of one question;
Glad that thy stony face I can not see,
Nevada—Mystery!

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Born 1843—

SLEEPING.

Hush'd within her quiet bed
She is lying, all the night,
In her pallid robe of white,
Eyelids on the pure eyes press'd,
Soft hands folded on the breast,—
And, you thought I meant it—dead?

Nay! I smile at your shock'd face:
In the morning she will wake,
Turn her dreams to sport, and make
All the household glad and gay
Yet for many a merry day,
With her beauty and her grace.

But some summer 'twill be said—
"She is lying, all the night,
In her pallid robe of white,

Eyelids on the tired eyes press'd,
Hands that cross upon the breast,"—
We shall understand it—dead!

Yet 'twill only be a sleep:
When, with songs and dewy light,
Morning blossoms out of Night,
She will open her blue eyes
'Neath the palms of Paradise,
While we foolish ones shall weep.

A POET'S APOLOGY.

TRUTH cut on high in tablets of hewn stone,
Or on great columns gorgeously adorn'd,
Perchance were left alone,
Pass'd by and scorn'd;
But Truth enchased upon a jewel rare,
A man would keep, and next his bosom wear.

So, many an hour, I sit and carve my gems,—
Ten spoil'd, for one in purer beauty set:
Not for king's diadems,—
Some amulet
That may be worn o'er hearts that toil and plod,—
Though but one pearl that bears the name of God.

NOTES.

1. HOPKINSON—page 3.

Drake says he was born in 1778: a manifest misprint. Drake (*American Biography*) is my usual authority; but I have had to correct him by Allibone (*Dictionary of Authors*) and Griswold, and each by other or by personal inquiry.

2. ADAMS AND LIBERTY—p. 5.

By this poem, written soon after 1797, Paine is said to have made $750, nearly ten dollars a line. The stanza on Washington was added by particular request.

3. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER—p. 7.

During the war of 1812 with England Mr Key, then residing in Baltimore, having had occasion to go on board of one of the vessels of the British fleet, was detained to witness the attack on Fort McHenry; and, says Griswold, wrote this Song in honour of the flag which floated over the fort during the whole of the futile bombardment.

4. AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN—p. 8.

First printed with Coleridge's *Sybilline Leaves* in England, in 1810. A volume of Allston's Poems appeared in 1813. Though born in South Carolina, Allston was educated at Harvard; and his life was spent, in his studies and practice as a painter, either at the North or in Europe.

Cranch (also a painter) was born at Alexandria, on the border line of Virginia and the District of Columbia. Neither in his nor Allston's life or writings is there anything to mark them as Southerners. The same may be said of others. Maxwell was

educated at Yale. The only distinctively Southern poets are Timrod and Randall; and their distinction is but political. Indeed the absence of even a Southern flavour is very remarkable.

5. PAULDING—p. 10.

Allibone says, born in 1778; but Drake and Griswold say '79.

6. DANA—p. 16.

His Poems were first published collectively in 1827. I am informed that he was certainly alive in 1872, and I believe that he is living at the time of this present writing. A Richard Henry Dana *junior* was apparent quite recently. In all cases where I have not given date of death I believe the persons to be living, though of course I cannot be sure. The latest edition of Drake's *Biography*, generally trustworthy, is dated 1874; but internal evidence fixes its last revision at 1871.

7. THE CROSSED SWORDS—p. 22.

One belonged to the royalist Captain "Linzee" (or Lindsay?) of the *Falcon* sloop of war, that took part in the Bunker Hill fight, June 17, 1775; the other to the American Colonel Prescott. Thackeray begins his novel of *The Virginians* with a reference to these—"On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America" (William Hickling Prescott to wit) "there hang two swords," etc. The swords are now preserved by the Massachusetts Historical Society at Boston—"in memory of associations with which they will be inseparably connected."

8. BRYANT—p. 25.

Allibone says incorrectly—"born in 1797." Placing the Poets in chronological order of course prevents the same order for poems: Bryant's later poems, for instance, taking their position under his name many years anterior to some much earlier works of other writers immediately following. So in the compass of a few pages appear his *Thanatopsis*, published in 1821; *To a Waterfowl*, the *Hymn to the North Star*, the *Death of the Flowers* (then called the *Close of Autumn*) printed before 1829; and two of his latest poems, *The Third of November* 1861 and *Waiting by the Gate*. It was impossible to find out the date of every poem: the arrangement according to birth of writers was therefore the nearest approach

to order that could be had, though I have endeavoured in quoting from the greater writers to give specimens of both earlier and later periods, and as nearly as I could according to time of production. The critical reader should bear these remarks in mind when estimating the various merits of the poems.

9. The Fringed Gentian—p. 30.

This—the blue fringed gentian—G. crinita (Frœlich) is the Poet's favourite flower.

10. Halleck—p. 37.

Drake says, born in 1790. Griswold and Allibone agree in 1795, with particulars which seem to vouch for their correctness. I have had to steer as I best could through several similar discrepancies.

11. John Howard Bryant—p. 82.

The brother of William Cullen Bryant.

12. Whittier—p. 86.

Drake has his birthday Dec: 17, 1807; Allibone says 1808. Whittier writes to me—"My birthday was the very last of the year 1807." Dec: 31.

13. Skipper Ireson's Ride—p. 87.

"Wild-eyed, free-limb'd, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase."

The New England pronunciation makes *vase* agree with *chace*.

14. Burial of Barbour—p. 94.

Barbour was one of the first slain of those brave men who endeavoured by settling in the new territories to shut out slavery, restricting it at all costs within the original State limits. John Brown's first work was in the same cause.

15. Telling the Bees—p. 100.

An old English superstition preserved in New England. Else, it was thought, the bees would desert their hives and remove to another homestead.

The chore-girl is the girl who does odd jobs—"chores"—about the house: chore-woman, I suppose, the same as our charwoman.

16. PIKE—p. 115.

Mr. Rossetti prints a report from "an American friend" of the death of Pike while a General in the Confederate army. Allibone says—The death of Col. Albert James Pickett (an author also) in Dec: 1858, led to a report of the demise of Col. Albert Pike. *Dictionary of Authors*, 1870. Colonel Pike is still alive.

17. POE—p. 119.

Poe, according to Allibone (and other biographers), was born in 1811: assuming which date, he was placed at school in London at the age of five years; and *when aged eleven years* entered the University of Virginia, whence he was expelled at the end of his third term after being "equally distinguished as a scholar, an athlete, and a debauchee." Rather young for a debauchee! Griswold, accepting these improbable dates, yet himself contradicts them, placing Poe at school in Richmond (Virginia) when six or seven years old, at which age (if born in 1811) he was certainly in England. Mr. Stoddard writes—"Poe was really born in 1809. The place of his birth is uncertain. It was *not* Baltimore, however, but some city or town in which his mother was playing a theatrical engagement (could it have been New York?)." *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, September, 1872. Poe was sixteen when he entered the University in 1825.

18. SARGENT—p. 145.

Allibone says, born in 1814.

19. CHANNING—p. 159.

William Ellery Channing the poet is a nephew of Dr. Channing the great Unitarian preacher.

20. THE OLD ABBEYS—p. 162.

The poet—an episcopal clergyman—refers here to the desecration of the Abbeys (rather the Cathedrals) during the Commonwealth and their hoped-for restoration under Charles the Second.

21. THE MORNING-GLORY—p. 183.

This is the New England name for the Major Convolvolus. The author was the wife of James Russell Lowell. I have deviated slightly from order of birth to place more fittingly together the

names of Mr. and Mrs. Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard, and the sisters Alice and Phœbe Cary. Robert Trail Spence Lowell is J. R. Lowell's brother.

22. DIRGE—p. 190.

Written on the death of Mrs. Mary Booth, the first wife of Edwin Booth the actor.

23. WHITMAN—p. 199.

I may here ask pardon of some of my authors if in endeavouring at one uniform system of punctuation I offend their peculiarities. I have cared to keep what seemed the author's own, especially with Whitman whose manner is altogether his; but when the points and accents were apparently only printers' errors or redundancies I have altered them to suit an order which has at least the merit of intelligibility. I have kept, for uniformity's sake also, to English spelling, which does not always agree with more modern American.

Whitman's *Dresser*, beyond its value as poetry, was worth giving as a record of his own noble life.

24. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC—p. 216.

This grand martial lyric, the best during the war, is set to the truly national air of "*John Brown*,"—the genuine words of which (who the author or how originating not appearing to be known) I give as I had them, some eight years ago, from one of the old hero's party—

John Brown's knapsack was strapp'd upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack was strapp'd upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack was strapp'd upon his back,
As he went marching on.
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
As he went marching on.

John Brown's body was hang'd upon a tree; (*thrice*)
His soul went marching on.
Glory! etc.
His soul went marching on.

John Brown's body is mouldering in the grave; (*thrice*)
His soul is marching on.
Glory! etc.
His soul is marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord; (*thrice*)
His soul is marching on.
Glory! etc.
His soul is marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down (*thrice*)
On the grave of old John Brown.
Glory! etc.
On the grave of old John Brown.

25. HELEN FISKE JACKSON—p. 294.

Mrs. Jackson's Poems are published under the initials H. H., she being at the time of publication Mrs. Hunt.

26. KIT CARSON'S RIDE—p. 340.

It is proper to note here that Mrs. Fremont, the wife of General Fremont, indignantly denies not only this story told by Miller, but even its verisimilitude. She speaks, on the contrary, of Kit Carson (and from the knowledge of long personal friendship) as a very noble backwoodsman and pioneer, not lawless, but of good repute, and utterly incapable of the despicable cowardice attributed to him by the poet. Mr. Rossetti is my authority for Miller's age.

27. MARYLAND—p. 345.

This is the only poem I find worth quoting out of a volume of Southern War Rhymes, mostly by anonymous writers. Of Randall I can obtain no data. The "new key to thy song" is a punning allusion to Key's *Star-spangled Banner*, written at Baltimore. "Sic Semper" is the motto of the State of Maryland.

28. THE SPARROW AT SEA—p. 350.

"A warbling bird whose carol rings"—America has a song-sparrow—fringilla melodia—which may have led our author into a mistake as to the powers of the English bird.

Here, and in other cases where I have not given date or place of birth it is because even direct inquiry by letter has failed to bring me the desired information. I therefore have placed the authors at or near the end of my list, not meaning that they are of the youngest. The name of Rose Terry (now Mrs. Rollin Cooke) I find in Dana's *Household Book of Poetry* (the best collection I know of English *and* American), edition 1862.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE
ALDRICH—Thomas Bailey	313
ALLEN—Mrs. Elizabeth Akers	350
ALLSTON—Washington	8
ARNOLD—George	297
BOKER—George H.	232
BRAINARD—John Gardner Calkins	43
BROOKS—Mrs. Maria (Gowen)	42.
BROWNELL—Henry Howard	219
BRYANT—William Cullen	25
BRYANT—John Howard	82
CARLETON—Will	358
CARY—Alice	223
CARY—Phœbe	225
CHANNING—William Ellery	159
COE—Richard	227
COOKE—John Esten	280
COOKE—Mrs. Rose (Terry)	351
COXE—Rev: Arthur Cleveland	162
CRANCH—Christopher Pearse	139
CURTIS—George William	244
DANA—Richard Henry	16
DORGAN—John Aylmere	312
DORR—Mrs. Julia C. R.	265

PAGE

DRAKE—Joseph Rodman 23
DUGANNE—Augustine Joseph Hickey 239
EASTMAN—Charles Gamage 147
EMERSON—Ralph Waldo 48
FENNER—Cornelius George 228
FRENEAU—Philip 1
FROTHINGHAM—Rev: Nathaniel Langdon 22
FULLER—Sarah Margaret—(Countess Ossoli) 129
GALLAGHER—William D. 105
GREENE—Albert Gorton 47
HALLECK—James Fitz-Greene 37
HARTE—Francis Bret 331
HAY—John 336
HAYNE—Paul H. 281
HILL—Thomas 163
HOFFMAN—Charles Fenno 59
HOLMES—Oliver Wendell 107
HOOPER—Lucy 143
HOPKINSON—Joseph 3
HOWELLS—William Dean 330
HOWE—Mrs. Julia (Ward) 216
HOYT—Rev: Ralph 130
JACKSON—Mrs. Helen (Fiske) 294
KEY—Francis Scott 7
LARCOM—Lucy 268
LELAND—Charles Godfrey 240
LONGFELLOW—Henry Wadsworth 67
LOWELL—James Russell 165
LOWELL—Mrs. Maria (White) 183
LOWELL—Robert Trail Spence 154
MAXWELL—William 14
McMASTER—Guy Humphrey 276
MELVILLE—Herman 217
MESSINGER—Robert Hinckley 80
MILLER—Cincinnatus Hiner ("Joaquin") 340

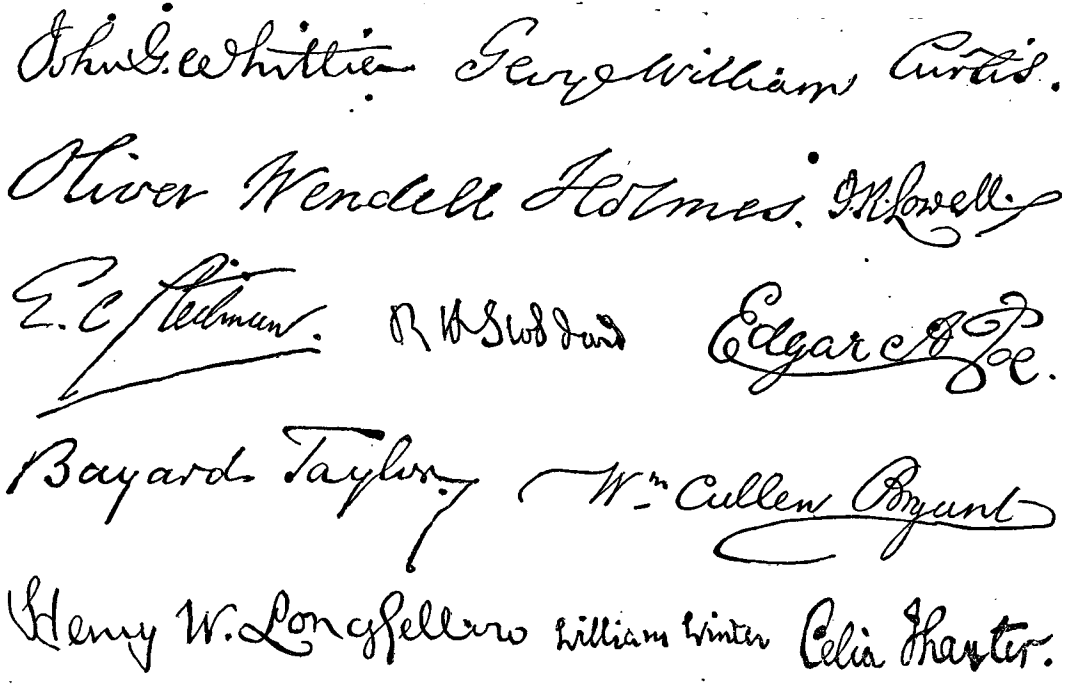
PAGE

OSGOOD—Kate Putnam 347
PAINE—Robert Treat 5
PARSONS—Thomas William 186
PAULDING—James Kirke 10
PERCIVAL—James Gates 40
PERRY—Nora 354
PIATT—John James 301
PIERPONT—Rev: John 11
PIKE—Albert 115
PINKNEY—Edward Coate 46
POE—Edgar Allan 119
RANDALL—James R. 345
READ—Thomas Buchanan 229
SARGENT—Epes 145
SAXE—John Godfrey 150
SIGOURNEY—Mrs. Lydia Howard (Huntley) 20
SILL—Edward Rowland 365
SIMMS—William Gilmore 61
SPOFFORD—Mrs. Harriet (Prescott) 307
SPRAGUE—Charles 21
STEDMAN—Edmund Clarence 283
STODDARD—Mrs. Elizabeth Drew (Barstow) 256
STODDARD—Richard Henry 247
STORY—William Wetmore 197
STREET—Alfred Billings 134
TAYLOR—Bayard 258
THAXTER—Mrs. Celia (Leighton) 309
THOREAU—Henry David 157
TILTON—Theodore 305
TIMROD—Henry 278
TROWBRIDGE—John Townsend 273
TUCKERMAN—Henry Theodore 141
VICTOR—Mrs. F. F. 364
WALLACE—William Ross 191
WEEKS—Robert Kelly 356

PAGE

WHITMAN—Walter—("Walt") 199
WHITNEY—Mrs. Adeline D. (Train) 246
WHITTIER—John Greenleaf 86
WILLIS—Nathaniel Parker 83
WILLSON—Byron Forceythe 323
WINTER—William 316
WOODWORTH—Samuel 15

[*Note.*—I have given no Index of *First Lines*, supposing that few who could recollect the first line would not be able to recall the name of either the poem or the poet, under one of which indices the poem may be readily found.]


John G. Whittier
George William Curtis.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.
J. R. Lowell.
E. C. Stedman.
R. H. Stoddard
Edgar A. Poe.
Bayard Taylor.
Wm. Cullen Bryant
Henry W. Longfellow.
William Winter
Celia Thaxter.

NEGRO SONG.

It seems well to supplement this collection of *American Poetry*, so nearly all Northern, with some specimens of almost the only poetical utterances of the South—the hymns and songs of the Slaves. Rude and unformed as they are, they come from the heart, the true source of poetic inspiration. They need no more preface. We begin with the first stanza of one, probably of Florida composition, sung by Col: Higginson's black regiment.

O, my mudder is gone! my mudder is gone!
My mudder is gone to heaven, my Lord!
I can't stay behind.
Dere's room in dar, room in dar,
Room in dar, in de heaven, my Lord!
I can't stay behind.
Can't stay behind, my dear!
I can't stay behind.

Another is called

POOR ROSY.

Poor Rosy, poor gal!
Poor Rosy, poor gal!
Rosy break my poor heart:
Heav'n shall-a be my home.
I can not stay in hell one day,
Heav'n shall-a be my home;
I'll sing and pray my soul away,
Heav'n shall-a be my home.

Got hard trial in my way, (*thrice*)
Heav'n shall-a be my home.
O when I talk I talk wid God (*twice*)
Heav'n shall-a be my home.

I dunno what de people want of me, (*thrice*)
Heav'n shall-a be my home.

This is a very favourite hymn. The words are alterable. Poor Rosy, poor gal! may be changed for Poor Cæsar, poor boy! Talk with God may be Walk with God. De People may be De Massa. According to circumstances. Such changes and interpolations occur in all the Songs. The following was popular in the coloured schools of Charleston in 1865, and is still sung over the Sea Islands:

Nobody knows de trouble I've had,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de trouble I've had:
(Sing) Glory, hallelu!

One morning I was a-walking down, O yes, Lord!
I saw some berries a-hanging down, O yes, Lord!

I pick de berry and I suck de juice, O yes, Lord!
Just as sweet as de honey in de comb, O yes, Lord!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down, O yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost on de groun', O yes, Lord!

What make ole Satan hate me so? O yes, Lord!
Because he got me once and let me go. O yes, Lord!

Of Virginian origin, probably thence spreading South, and variously modified in different localities, is this:

O'ER THE CROSSING.

Bendin' knees a-achin', body rack'd wid pain,
I wish I was a child of God, I'd git home bime-by.
Keep prayin', I do believe we're a long time waggin' o' de crossin';
Keep prayin', I do believe we'll git home bime-by.

O yonder's my ole mudder, been a-waggin' at de hill so long;
It's about time she cross over,—git home bime-by.
Keep prayin',—I do believe, etc.

O hear dat lumberin' thunder, a-roll from do' to do',
A-callin' de people home to God; dey'll get home bime-by.
Little chil'n, I do believe, etc.

O see dat forked lightnin' a-jump from cloud to cloud,
A-pickin' up God's chil'n; dey'll git home bime-by.
Pray, mourner! I do believe, etc.

The next may be also Virginian, though obtained from a Carolinan Negro.

GOD GOT PLENTY O' ROOM.

God got plenty o' room, got plenty o' room,
'Way in de kingdom;
God got plenty o' room my Jesus say,
'Way in de kingdom.

Brethren! I have come again—'Way, etc.
To help you all to pray and sing—'Way, etc.

So many weeks and days has pass'd
Since we met together last.

Old Satan tremble when he sees
The weakest saints upon their knees.

Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climb'd the ladder Jacob saw.

Daniel's wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit sure.

John's divine communion feel,
Joseph's meek and Joshua's zeal.

There's a school on earth begun
Supported by the Holy One.

We shall soon lay our school-books by,
And shout salvation as I fly
'Way in de kingdom.

Descending to secular verse we may take some notice of the

CHARLESTON GALS.

As I walk'd down the new-cut road,
I met the tap and then the toad;
The toad commenced to whistle and sing,
And the 'possum cut the pigeon-wing.
Along come an old man riding by:
Old man! if you don't mind, your horse will die.
If he dies I'll tan his skin;
And if he lives I'll ride him agin.

Our next is one of the Mississipi steam-boat songs.

I'M GWINE TO ALABAMY.

I'm gwine to Alabamy—Oh! (*prolonged for a whole bar*)
For to see my mammy—Ah! (*equally held on to*)

She went from Ole Virginny—Oh!
And I'm her pickaninny—Ah!

Now I'm a good big nigger—Oh!
I reckon I won't git bigger—Ah!

But I'd like to see my mammy—Oh!
Who lives in Alabamy—Ah!

We may add yet another—a song of the Savannah firemen—

HEAVE AWAY!

Heave away! heave away!
I'd rather court a yellow gal than work for Henry Clay:
Heave away! heave away!

Yellow gal! I want to go.
I'd rather court a yellow gal than work for Henry Clay.
Heave away! Yellow gal! I want to go.

And one more, which seems to be neither wholly serious nor wholly fun—

'BECCA LAWTON.

Rain fall and wet 'Becca Lawton—Oh! . . .
Rain fall and wet 'Becca Lawton—Oh!
Oh, brudder! cry holy.

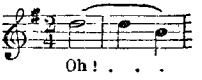
Do, 'Becca Lawton! come to me yonder—Oh!

Say, 'brudder Tony! what shall I do now?—Oh!

Beat (or rack) back holy, and rock salvation.—Oh!

No one knows who 'Becca Lawton was, and the song may be an old invocation for rain. The song ends with a laugh; and when

It is a rowing tune, at the words "Rack back holy!" each rower rocks back and slaps the man behind him. The long "Oh!" in the last line is given thus:—



And now some specimens of the music may complete our brief notice of Negro Song. It is for their music that the songs are famous. Music and words we borrow either from the *Slave Songs of the United States* (a collection of 136 songs, with music, made in 1867 by William Francis Allen, Charles Pickard Ware, and Lucy McKim Garrison) or from a smaller selection (*Boston, Lee & Shepard*) appended to the book of the "*Jubilee Singers*," coloured students of Fisk University, Nashville, Kentucky, lately travelling and singing through England. All that need be here said further of the music is in the words of the editors of the *Slave Songs*. However original or barbarous, "the chief part of the Negro Music is *civilized* in its character, partly composed under the influence of association with the whites, partly actually imitated from their music." Still, after all deductions, there is a vein of originality throughout, "original in the best sense of the word, and the more we examine the more genuine it appears to be."

Both of the books above-named are worth referring to by the student, for a full and exact account of the songs and of the nature and peculiarities of the accompanying music.

STEAL AWAY.

Steal a way, steal a-way, steal a-way to Je-sus!
Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I hain't got long to stay here.
Fine.
1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der; The
trum-pet sounds it in my soul: I hain't got long to stay here.
D.C.

2. Green trees are bending,
Poor sinners stand trembling;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul:
I hain't got long to stay here.
Chorus.—Steal away, etc.

3. My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the lightning;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul:
I hain't got long to stay here.
Chorus.—Steal away, etc.

4. Tombstones are bursting,
Poor sinners are trembling;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul:
I hain't got long to stay here.
Chorus.—Steal away, etc.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

1. Five of them were wise when the bride-groom came,
Five of them were wise when the bride-groom came.
Repeat. pp
O Zi-on, O Zi-on, O Zi-on, when the bridegroom came.

2. Five of them were foolish when the bridegroom came,
Five of them were foolish when the bridegroom came.
Chorus.—O Zion, etc.

3. The wise they took oil when the bridegroom came,
The wise they took oil when the bridegroom came.
Chorus.—O Zion, etc.

4. The foolish took no oil when the bridegroom came,
The foolish took no oil when the bridegroom came.
Chorus.—O Zion, etc.

5. The foolish they kept knocking when the bridegroom came,
The foolish they kept knocking when the bridegroom came.
Chorus.—O Zion, etc.

6. Depart, I never knew you, said the bridegroom, then,
Depart, I never knew you, said the bridegroom, then.
Chorus.—O Zion, etc.

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL.

Roll, Jor-dan, roll, Roll, Jor-dan, roll, I want to go to
Hea-ven when I die, To hear Jor-dan roll.
1. Oh, bro-thers, you ought t' have been there: Yes, my Lord! A
D.C.
sit-ting in the king-dom, To hear Jor-dan roll.

2. Oh, preachers! you ought t' have been there:
Yes, my Lord!
A-sitting in the kingdom, to hear Jordan roll.

3. Oh, sinners! you ought t' have been there, etc.

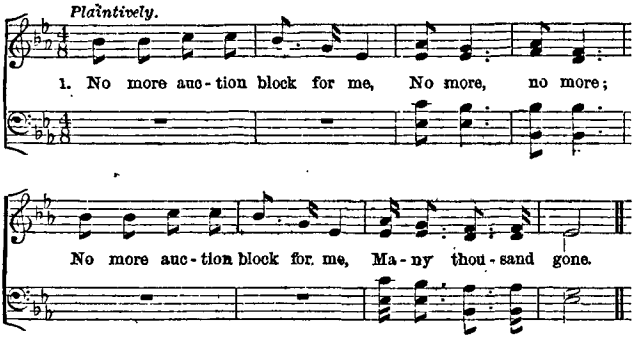
4. Oh, mourners! you ought t' have been there, etc.

5. Oh, seekers! you ought t' have been there, etc.

6. Oh, mothers! you ought t' have been there, etc.

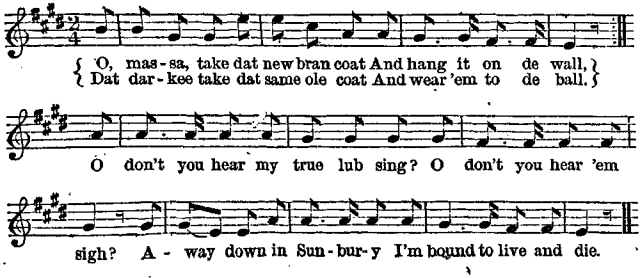
7. Oh, children! you ought t' have been there, etc.

MANY THOUSAND GÓNE.



2. No more peck o' corn for me, etc.
3. No more driver's lash for me, etc.
4. No more pint o' salt for me, etc.
5. No more hundred lash for me, etc.
6. No more mistress' call for me, etc.

AWAY DOWN IN SUNBURY.


O, mas-sa, take dat new bran coat And hang it on de wall,
Dat dar-kee take dat same ole coat And wear 'em to de ball.
O don't you hear my true lub sing? O don't you hear 'em
sigh? A-way down in Sun-bur-y I'm bound to live and die.

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